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We shall take pleasure in printing next week an article entitled "A Friend of Charles Lamb", which will be based on information hitherto largely unpublished.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We take up the story of the war from the glorious point at which we broke off last week. At dawn, on 14 July, after a stupendous bombardment hitherto unexampled, Sir Douglas Haig opened his attack on the second ravaged line of the German system of defences between the rivers Somme and Ancre. He chose the reach of country undulating from the Bois des Trônes, through Longueval and Bazentin-le-Grand to Bazentin-le-Petit, north-east of Contalmaison. His troops had to pass over rising and fortified ground, which in peace manœuvres would have been looked upon as impregnable. Yet by 10 a.m. they broke into the second line on a front of four miles, fighting against an earthquake of shells and massed machine guns, and showing a most exalted courage. Trench after trench was taken, with many prisoners, while larks sang often overhead in the neighbourhood of our growling aeroplanes. Furious combats went on all day, the Germans counter-attacking with great energy, above all at Bazentin-le-Petit. For a time they recaptured this village, but were driven out again at once, helter-skelter, and when evening came our men's fatigue was charmed away by the thrill of victory, for they were firmly set in their new gains, which included Longueval and the whole tragic area of Trônes Wood.

Perhaps the most remarkable incident in a day of glorious life and death was the coming of a troop of our Dragoon Guards into action, after crossing many a trench and skirting the borders of many deep craters. At last they plodded their way to the countryside below High Wood, where they were sniped at with machine guns from a field of growing corn; some horses were lost, but few men were touched, and the rest of the troop charged through the corn. Accord-

ing to the "Times" correspondent, the Dragoon Guards were accompanied by a troop of Deccan Horse, and the Germans in many cases threw themselves down and shrieked for mercy. "Some clutched desperately at horses' legs as they went by. Both lance and sabre did their work cleanly and thoroughly, and, with the exception of 34 prisoners who, between them, they brought back, there were no Germans alive of those who had been among the corn." Their job finished, the cavalry sent their horses to the rear and began to dig trenches for veterans of our New Armies.

High, or Foureaux, Wood, north-east of Bazentin-le-Petit, belongs to the third system of the German defence; it grows on a ridge that overlooks the country ahead, and for a whole night (14-15 July) a detachment of our men held a foothold in it and then withdrew, after doing useful work as a covering guard. On the second day of our new advance Delville Wood, east of Longueval, was captured, it is said, by South African troops; and other troops, northward of Contalmaison, pressed on to the outskirts of Pozières. On Monday the taking of Ovillers was completed, after a very tough fight against the garrison of Prussian Guardsmen; and at night, despite rain and mist, strong posts were stormed north of Ovillers on a front of a thousand yards. On Tuesday afternoon, in the vicinity of Longueval and Delville Wood, the Germans made a counter-attack, preceded by a hot fire of gas and tear shells.

Very large reinforcements had been collected by the enemy, and their first assault was delivered at about 5.30; it came on in dense masses and fell upon our positions to the east of Bazentin village. All through the night a fierce grapple continued, and it reached its greatest violence in Delville Wood, a part of which passed again into German hands, like the northern outskirts of Longueval. But our superb Armies have an inspiration that comes through a great cause from the whole Empire: it is impossible to beat them. Bit by bit lost ground was gnawed from the Germans, who

on Thursday evening held but little of their costly gains. Three vain assaults were made on our men in Waterlot Farm, and on Wednesday a fourth tried to make a start from the direction of Guillemont, but shot and shell dispersed it.

One day we shall hear in full how each noble regiment fought in this tremendous battle of the Somme; already we know that the veterans of Badajoz and of Albuera have been rivalled by our New Armies. There has been no hitch in the most intricate organisation; the leading everywhere has astounded the Germans by its mature vision and its fearless method; and not a soldier among all the many thousands has been a straggler. "Whole waves of men have disappeared simultaneously behind a bank of smoke and tossing earth, while beyond the ground was swept with machine-gun and rifle fire from only fifty yards away. Yet one after another, wave following wave, our men have gone into it without one faltering. It might be laughing or cheering, or with set teeth—but they have gone. And only those have failed to reach their ultimate objective who fell on the way." In these words a correspondent speaks for all his fellows and for all the commanding officers.

The French, too, have fought with their habitual fire and tenacity, resisting counter-attacks, making good their gains, and advancing their lines north and east of Hardecourt, and also between Barleux and Soyecourt. These are two big achievements, and their success continues. The Germans this week have tried hard to recapture La Maisonette and the village of Biaches, the positions nearest to Péronne, but only to add losses to the lost ground. And when we pass from this war zone to Verdun we find a very fine revival, for the French have nibbled steadily this week into the German positions around Fleury and have resisted counter-attacks. Here is pressure that the Germans did not expect; but they are certain to make another big effort, for their offensive at Verdun is not ended.

As for the Russian front, a great series of battles were fought on Sunday in Volhynia, and General Sakharoff captured 13,000 prisoners and fifty guns. The scene of the worst fighting was a front of twelve miles on the south-western face of Lutsk salient, starting from Pustomy and ending at the Lower Lipa, a tributary of the Styr, where the Russians delivered their heaviest blows. Along this twelve-mile front the lines were broken, and the enemy retreated, but not in disorder. In Bukovina, also, good work has been done, as in the neighbourhood of Kirlibaba, on the frontier of Transylvania, where our Allies have occupied a series of heights. As for the Northern Front, Hindenburg has tried in vain to ease the Russian pressure. Everywhere this week we find the same heartening news: *Vexilla regis prodeunt*. And at home the civilian battle-line has answered in the right spirit to the appeal of Sir Douglas Haig.

When in April Ministers, in their final agonised endeavour not to force the young men to do their military duty, offered to Parliament the measure which proposed, instead, to kidnap time-expired veterans and young lads, some people thought the Government had reached what is vulgarly known as "the limit". As a fact, we were wrong in thinking that that measure—a sort of "ten minutes' Bill", like one of the aborted Reform Bills of the 'sixties—was not meant quite seriously, and that the Government were merely introducing it in order that it might be laughed and cursed out of court, and that then the straight, clean measure could be at last ventured on. There is good reason for believing—and there can be no harm in saying now—that that Bill to grab only the old soldiers and the boys was quite seriously meant; for military authorities reckoned that the Bill, if it could only be passed, would, with the promised good will and aid of the Trade Unions, give us the men we needed to get along with;

whilst statesmen approved because, if it could only be coaxed through Parliament, then the horrors of "Conscription" would once more be avoided.

So much for the extraordinary step which the Government took last April, when at their wits' end for soldiers. But what are we to say of the step taken this week by Mr. Samuel on behalf of Ministers? If this was not "the limit", then there surely can be no limit. Mr. Samuel comes down to the House with a carefully-elaborated speech—worthy of Sir John Gorst at the zenith of his cynicism—proposes to appoint a Select Committee to draw up a new electoral register especially with an eye to soldiers and munition workers, solemnly gives the names of the dupes who are to serve on that Committee, and then pours a stream of withering ridicule on the whole thing, which he regards as impossible and absurd. And in due course, after Sir Edward Carson has described the performance as a comical and humbugging one, and others on both sides have slashed it to bits, the Prime Minister rises, observes that the House is clearly opposed to the plan, and forthwith withdraws it. To use a phrase which we had to apply to a public performer early in the war, the affair appears to be very nearly one of "revolting levity".

The preposterous cry was once more raised in the House of Commons on Wednesday that the "Times", "Morning Post", and "Daily Mail" have been quoted in Germany during the war, and have thereby heartened the enemy; why, then, inquired an M.P., on whose hands time seems to hang heavily, are they not punished by the Government? The reply is they are not punished by the Government for being quoted in Germany because the Government is not insane. The truth about this tedious matter is this: the papers in question are owned and are edited by people who are patriotic and entirely anxious that the war should be carried on with the utmost competency and vigour, and that Germany and her allies should be thoroughly crushed. We hold no brief whatever for any of these journals, and from time to time we differ in opinion from them; but we recognise, as all people with some knowledge of the world and some common sense really should recognise by now, that these journals are owned and are edited strictly and wholly in the interests of the British Empire and the British Army and Navy. This is a plain fact, and, as Mr. Forster—who replied to the M.P. questioner on Wednesday—indicated clearly enough, the Government are quite well aware of it.

As to being quoted in Germany, almost every English paper must suffer that at times. We have suffered it more or less often, and both in Germany and in the United States scoundrels have not seldom tried to contort passages from our columns into passages favourable to the infernal cause of Germany. We dare say that when the "Daily News" and "Daily Chronicle" were fighting "Conscription" in this country they were quoted in Germany to hearten the German people; indeed, we have rather more than a misty recollection of those journals, with others of the same kidney, being quoted with joy in Berlin! But are their friends and readers in favour of their being punished or suppressed because Berlin quotes them in portions for its own artful ends? We think they are not. It is time to have done with this babyish twaddle about being quoted in Germany and heartening the enemy there. It is not worthy of grown-up people.

We have been wrong in our accounts, the Chancellor of the Exchequer told the House of Commons incidentally on Monday during the debate on the Third Reading of the Finance Bill, and for some time past, instead of spending, as we believed, £5,000,000, we have been spending £6,000,000 a day—this owing to reasons that we could not foretell and cannot control, he added. Result, the Government now find their borrowing powers becoming exhausted and must "ask

for more". To the question "When will these powers be exhausted?" the answer was given: "On Wednesday or Thursday" (19 or 20 July). Hitherto, by comparison with our present scale of expenditure, Chancellors of the Exchequer have merely dabbled in the petty cash account. Therefore, we suppose, it is impracticable to criticise our methods of finance to-day by contrasting them with our old-fashioned methods before the war. Still, this discovery that we are a cool million a day out of our estimate is amazing; and who can honestly blame Sir Edward Carson for a stern protest at the way in which the news is sprung on the House of Commons at about the last moment?

The House of Lords, because it dared to intervene in finance, was virtually abolished. Now that there is nobody to intervene, if Governments mis-estimate by gigantic sums, anyone who raises the question risks being regarded as prejudicing the cause of the Allies in the war. It is growing exceedingly difficult to be "an optimist" in national finance.

In a survey in the House of Commons this week of Board of Education work during the past year Mr. Henderson foreshadowed a general reorganising of its system. New Committees—of course—are to be set up to inquire and report on various branches of education. The position of science and of modern languages in education is to be overhauled, and the question generally of the education of the young after the war. Mr. Henderson spoke somewhat fearfully of the employment of children under twelve since the war began. We think that those of them, at least, who have been working in the open fields and farm lands have got more good there than they would have got at their lessons. Patriotism, thrift, discipline ought to be taught. But are they? They should certainly come before science and modern languages.

We are, as a rule, very distrustful of the criticisms of Oxford and Cambridge indulged in freely at times by outsiders. Such criticisms are commonly inspired by jealousy; besides, they are, more often than not, ignorant. Hence we take little or no notice of the charges or suggestions that our grand old Universities do not keep in touch with the spirit of the age, and so on. Oxford and Cambridge have done magnificently in this war. At the very outset every college made a noble contribution in manhood to the cause of the Allies, and they have continued to do so, and will continue to the close of the war. Oxford and Cambridge have never been, in the course of their long and wonderful histories, so great, so greatly English, as they are to-day: dispraise of them is dispraise of patriotism.

It is because Oxford has done so magnificently that we the more regret the step lately taken by her authorities in putting the Slade Professorship of Art into abeyance. We must say we think it a grave mistake, and we should be relieved to hear that this unhappy decision may be reconsidered. We deal with the matter in another part of the REVIEW to-day, and here need only say that Oxford is the last place in England where Art should receive such a slight as the suppression of the Slade Professorship clearly means. Her towers will cease to whisper the lost enchantments of the Middle Ages if harsh—and costly—economies of this kind are practised.

The Rev. Cyril Alington, headmaster of Shrewsbury since 1908, is to be head of Eton after next Christmas. The appointment was not unexpected. Mr. Alington, after a successful career at Oxford, was at Marlborough and Eton as an assistant master, and is one of the ablest of our younger educational lights. Like Dr. Lyttelton, he will go to Eton with a reputation for originality. His pronouncements on education have always been interesting, if at times paradoxical.

It would be interesting to know why the Prime Minister has appointed a Committee to consider the commercial and industrial policy to be adopted after the war, with special reference to the conclusions reached at the Economic Conference of the Allies. This Conference decided that its resolutions ought to be put into action at once, and the proper time for a Committee of Inquiry is before, not after, a great business meeting of the Allies. It ought to have given sifted and tabulated advice to those who had resolutions to pass at the Conference. A political Committee denotes hesitation in the Government, and only two or three members of the present one inspire any confidence at all. Is the economic world to be ruled by Sir Alfred Mond, we wonder? And is the official aim one of drift? Mr. Hewins must play the part of Mr. Hughes inside the Committee—and the public outside.

Mr. Hughes started home this week from Durban. He should be missed in South Africa wherever he has been and wherever people value a Man. We may not see eye to eye with Mr. Hughes in all things political—using the word accurately and in its larger and proper sense—but we recognise his courage and steadfastness of aim. There were people and papers here who wished to chloroform Mr. Hughes and operate on him, turning him into an obsequious partisan; who hoped to wean him from his firm and splendid principles of Empire, including obligatory service; and who would have supplied him with the milk and water of "expediency". But they completely failed. We must say that Mr. Hughes, so far as manhood goes, and so far as a broad and generous understanding goes, makes some of our home-bred statesmen look rather inconsiderable figures.

When the Roberts Memorial is unveiled at Glasgow Lord Derby will deliver an address on his old chief—and who should do it better! Lord Derby's work in the raising of armies has been unique. He strove with Lord Roberts for obligatory service. Then, for the first year and more of the war he strove to raise men in great numbers, and succeeded, by, nominally at least, the opposite method—to which his second chief and friend was virtually restricted. Finally, his work, under the group system, led up to the adoption of that great principle for which Lord Roberts pressed in vain for years. Lord Derby has thus served two masters, which has been held to be impossible. The explanation, however, is simple—a man may serve two masters, indeed many masters, well only provided his ultimate aim is the good of his country.

Mr. Samuel is scarcely a luxury that Ministers can afford to regale themselves with more than once a week in war time. Hence the Prime Minister took the Mesopotamian business himself on Thursday, and did it well. He has wisely decided to appoint small bodies of enquiry into Mesopotamia and the Dardanelles. Therefore criticism for the present should be held over.

Elie Metchnikoff, who died in Paris on Saturday last, had long enjoyed an international reputation in science, and belonged to that supreme class of men whose discoveries directly benefit humanity. The son of an officer of the Russian Imperial Guard, he went from his schooling at Kharkoff to study biology in Germany with various professors, and became himself a professor at Odessa at twenty-five. Troubles in the University there led to his moving to Messina, where he brought out his epoch-making conception of phagocytes as fighters against deleterious bacteria, and scavengers removing dangerous matter. In 1884 he was able to illustrate his theories by exhibiting the progress and arrest of infection in transparent water-fleas.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE WAR AND THE VOTER.

MR. HERBERT SAMUEL is a sad example of the clever man tempted into being too clever by half. He should be warned by the sad fate of Sir John Gorst. His performance of Wednesday was much of a piece with Sir John's famous handling of a measure he had in charge; first he riddled it with bantering criticism, and then recommended it cheerfully to the approval of a bewildered House.

Until this week Mr. Samuel was never suspected of a weakness of the kind—of any human weakness, in fact. His icy politeness and hard steely tact might sometimes jar, but he was considered incapable of an indiscretion. Now some of his friends find it impossible to understand how he should have so misjudged the temper of the House of Commons on the registration proposals of the Government. They regard this sad lapse as the one blot on a blameless official career—the one stupidity of an exceptionally intelligent man.

For ourselves, we imagine Mr. Samuel was more astonished than anyone by the indignant rebukes showered on him from every part of the House. And not unnaturally, for the speech was in many respects wickedly clever. Its main defect was a certain want of imagination. There is still much earnestness in the House of Commons, and Mr. Samuel, with the tactlessness of a tactful man, and the clumsiness of an adroit man, failed to realise that he was affronting it.

Nominally the motion was to appoint a Committee to make the best registration arrangements for a possible General Election. Really, it was a proposal to put off an inconvenient problem. We do not accuse the Government of wishing to bring about a situation in which an appeal to the country is impossible because there is no register. But this, obviously, would be the effect of reference to a Committee, reference back to the House, and all the rest of it, involving a postponement of perhaps six months. The thing was, in truth, if not in intent, a jest; only a very stupid and solemn Minister could have given it even the appearance of gravity. Mr. Samuel's instinct, for once at fault, led him to a certain frivolity of treatment. Here was his motion in good set terms. Here was his actual Select Committee, complete down to the last detail, if we may, without offence, so designate Mr. Pringle. This was the problem the very wise men of the Front Bench owned themselves unable to solve. These were the men invited to solve it. Obviously the correct course was to refrain from the smallest suggestion of irony. If the House was to be hypnotised, the operator's tongue must not be seen in his cheek.

Actually Mr. Samuel set out, in light and even gleeful fashion, to show how the Committee would be playing the giddy fool. He indulged in thumbnail sketches of a battalion polling under bombardment, and of attacks being stopped in order to get voting papers into the ballot-box. We shall not be as severe as Sir Edward Carson, and call the performance *opéra bouffe*; but there are jests which gain by the severity of the jester's manner, and Mr. Samuel might have taken Swift as a model rather than Voltaire. Mr. Asquith had to be more than usually paternal in order to coax a scandalised House out of its irritation. Mr. Samuel must have regarded his solemnly caressing speech with some envy. It was, in its way, a model of the art of being Prime Minister.

The Government, as the upshot, has to shoulder its own burden. It is to be hoped that the presentation of concrete proposals will not be long delayed. A General Election is something no reasonable man desires until we have reached smoother waters. It is hard to be enthusiastic for the Government; but, after all, it is the King's Government, and while the war is in a most critical stage the turmoil of an electioneering Donnybrook, in which every man smites the head nearest him, is scarcely thinkable. Still, an appeal to the country is a contingency always to be reckoned with, and things must be in order against its coming without warning. The difficulties indicated sportively by Mr. Samuel have presented themselves seriously to others. It is not easy to devise means by which the sense of the nation can be accurately taken while the cream of our young manhood is fighting over-seas. It is difficult also, granted the constituency, to present a clear-cut issue. To make an omelette is a work of some art if the omelette is to be good. To reconvert the worst omelette into eggs is beyond the resources of physical, and may baffle those of political, chemistry.

Still, even if we are to take the Government's point of view that its displacement would be a national disaster, there can be no question that the House of Commons needs freshening contact with the constituencies, and we agree with Sir Edward Carson that as soon as peace becomes an imminent issue—as soon, in short, as an appeal can safely be made—the sense of the country should be taken. There are probably a hundred members of the present House of Commons who represent only themselves and a small knot of Solomon's invincible fools. The elimination of these advocates of democratic control, who have been too shy to submit their case to the judgment of democracy, would be not only a good thing in itself, but the cause of good in other men. It would stiffen the resolute in the Cabinet and warn those who still fail to understand that the nation expects a terrible war to be ended with a strong and lasting peace.

That is, truly, the sole service the electorate can render. It can no more give a mandate for a particular policy at the conference table than it can decide the strategy on the Western Front or on the Tigris. That has to be left, as regards details and even principles, to the Government, and we confess that we look forward with some uneasiness to the conflict of wits that must follow the warfare of the trenches. A generation's preoccupation with domestic quarrels is but an ill qualification for the delicate tasks of great diplomacy. Great Britain now rather resembles in its political development the England of later Stuart times. There is, as then, an unhealthy development of a peculiar kind of talent. In skilful party management and Parliamentary manipulation our politicians have little to learn, but the age is singularly unfruitful in great statesmanship. Mr. Asquith's dexterity in surmounting or in evading the merely political perils of his Government is little short of uncanny. He has achieved a mechanical unity denied to the greatest of his predecessors, while his difficulties have been greater. Unfortunately, the real opposition is composed, not of Englishmen, Welshmen, or Scotchmen, but of Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians, and Turks. It is easier to silence the House of Commons regarding Antwerp or Gallipoli than to prove such cases against an energetic foe; and the Mesopotamian mess is not wiped up by the appointment of a Royal Commission.

Mr. Asquith's way of ensuring peace only left him unprepared for war; his Cabinet's conduct of war raises awkward doubts as to its ability to deal with the stubborn problems of a new peace. Undeniably, the root of the smouldering dissatisfaction that blazed out momentarily last Wednesday is a suspicion that the Government neither knows its own mind nor the nation's. Ordinarily, a Government at war gains immediately in popularity with the dawning of brighter hopes; in this case the converse seems to rule, and malcontents begin to discuss the prospects of swapping horses in safety. Mr. Asquith would do well to take the hint and forestall trouble by putting his house in order. If he resolutely shed now the remaining elements of weakness in his administration, he would probably avoid the storm which, as Sir Edward Carson warned him, may break on the first indubitable sign of German defeat.

"THRIFT, THRIFT, HORATIO."

ON Tuesday the Chancellor of the Exchequer staggered Parliament—or ought to have staggered it—with the announcement, flung in incidentally and as a sort of by-the-way in the debate on the Finance Bill, that we are now spending not five million pounds a day, but six millions. We had somehow gone astray in our reckoning and estimates of expenditure, and, as a result, we must budget for another seven millions a week, or three hundred and sixty-five millions a year. So we are going to increase our borrowing powers: and it appears there is not a day to be lost in doing so. It is curious that this announcement should have practically synchronised with another which proclaimed a great war savings week for people of all classes: curious, because the policy of saving to the utmost of one's ability does not go very well with the policy of borrowing on a huge, and on a fresh and unexpected scale. Borrowing and saving do not usually consort well, as Polonius reminded Laertes setting out on his travels. However, the appeal to the public to save to the utmost of its ability must, of course, have the approval of all patriotic persons; and we hope the Chancellor of the Exchequer will find great numbers of people flocking to his offer of £1 for fifteen shillings and sixpence. The inducement to save has never been so great as it is to-day; and people with cash in hand will be singularly blind to-day if they do not find their way to the Treasury, which is offering them a gilt-edged security with a better rate of interest than holders of preference shares in sound industrial concerns can usually hope to secure. We hope the Government may have a great success, and that the money will flow in freely.

But as we are discussing economy, and backing the earnest appeals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the public to save, save, save, we feel entitled to make a critical remark or two on the campaign. In the first place, there is a considerable, unobtrusive, and long-suffering class of people who, with every desire to do so, have unfortunately not been able to obey the urgent instructions of Mr. McKenna and his Cabinet colleagues and practise exceptional economy now, for this class always has been accustomed to practise the art of saving; it has long pursued economy to the raw bone. It includes people of some taste, breeding, and education who subsist through certain professional work, such as teaching, authorship and writing generally, music, art, etc., or through some private means—commonly enough modest or even minute means. The people in this class cannot economise exceptionally now because they have always economised exceptionally, and, besides, their livelihood is far more slender and precarious to-day than it even was in peace time. They form a class which Governments naturally overlook,

for they are too decent, and, as a rule, they have too much self-respect, to cry out for relief and State help, and to threaten reprisals against Governments in the form of adverse votes at election time. The wealthy may economise, and those working classes earning to-day large wages for, virtually, unskilled and largely unproductive labour can economise—though it does not follow that these latter do and will economise—but the struggling professional people indicated above have no facilities, no golden opportunities, of the kind. Do Cabinet Ministers know about this class? Perhaps very little.

Again, as to those who are exceptional sufferers through the war, it is not fair to forget those small, self-helping people generally who for years saved, even pinched, long before the war, and long before it occurred to Cabinets and Governments that rigid economy is a virtue. The reason why these people are exceptional sufferers to-day is that high taxes and high prices for food, etc., are taking from them a large part of the small provision they have personally made against sickness and old age. The bitter reflection is possibly thrust upon them now and then that, after all, may it not pay better to be improvident and to have a "jolly good time" during the years of piping peace? For if a big smash does come, owing to war, and they are reduced to absolute poverty, the Government will find well-paid work for them in some capacity or other, and they will in any case suffer no more than the small people who were economical and self-helpful in past days, and who now find themselves dispossessed of almost everything by high taxes and high prices of food. It is hard, even though Mr. McKenna and his colleagues to-day exalt to the skies the creed of Samuel Smiles, to resist altogether the cynical thought: "Is it really worth while in peace time to be thrifty and self-supporting?"

Before the war, especially at election time, the Ministerialist text seemed to run: "Look to the State for almost everything—it will see you through". Now it seems to run: "The State is looking to you for almost everything—you must see it through".

The public extravagance campaign of Ministers in peace time has been rather comically followed by a private economy campaign of these same Ministers in war time. This is amusing to consider in a detached spirit, but it scarcely tends to increase one's veneration for Chancellors of the Exchequer and their colleagues. The fact is that the war—which, Mr. Churchill has told us, was unexpected and unprepared against by Wise and Great Ones, though anticipated by Fools—has put the whole Ministerial creed as to self-help and State-help, as to economy and extravagance, into the crucible. The Wise and Great Ones are like Mr. Albert Chevalier in the music-hall song: "'E dunno where 'e are". They will have to make a new start, or others will have to make it for them, after the war. It will be desirable to examine and sort out our ideas as to what the State should do and what the individual should do. The domestic politics of Great Britain for many years to come will be largely concerned with these problems of State and of self, of collectivism and of individualism. They are of the liveliest interest and of the highest importance, and the future welfare and success of the nation must materially depend on how we treat them. If they are to be thoroughly solved, we must bring to bear on them the trained understandings of the best educated men in the country, men of intellect and wide reading, as well as of a large general experience of life. The way *not* to solve these problems, on which hang our comfort and our culture in the future, is to entrust them wholly or mainly to the management of wire-pullers and caucus-mongers, and to the caprices of the vote. Thanks considerably to those agents of muddle and immorality, we were drifted unprepared—in spite of warning after warning, including the amazing one of 1912—into the most bloody and disastrous of wars; and, as a result, we are losing in Flanders, day after day, thousands of our best men, the flower and hope and glory of our

race, physically and spiritually—men compared with whom we at home are of no value to speak of. So much for the agents who conducted us into this war. It will be wise to remove from their sphere after the war the solution of our problems of the State and the individual.

THE SLADE PROFESSORSHIP OF ART AT OXFORD.

ON 14 June there appeared in the "University Gazette" the resolution of Convocation to suspend the Slade Professorship of Art at Oxford and to appropriate its stipend for other purposes. Concerning the legal aspects of this resolution we have no present wish to speak, because they concern us less than other matters of national interest. Oxford has nothing to do with the Emergency Act unless hardships caused by the war compel her to seek relief from financial troubles; and then she should go to it reluctantly and should tell the country why she has suspended a great professorship within her own historic domain of the humanities. Her "University Gazette" is not seen by everyone who understands the national value of the fine arts; and no other official announcement has been made on the suspension of art at Oxford. In this time of war every home of the humanities should cherish those permanent gifts of the spirit that enrich life and the mind, while forming a vital bond of union between to-day, to-morrow, and all the yesterdays in history. It is in their creative work that the past ages are delivered down to our own generative time, their epitome and collaborator. Take from them their wonderful varied literature, their groping science, their magnificent architecture, their household crafts, and their inspired painting and sculpture. What remains? Their genius has gone, and what is genius but dawn and midday and sunset in the spiritual world, coming and going in a routine as enduring as the intelligence of mankind! No art, however utilitarian it may seem, is a thing to be slighted by those who think. Almost all we know of many a people and many a tongue has come to us in a few pots and vases, perishable relics of perished societies. If art were only a mere amusement for the rich, or a mere pastime for connoisseurs, a thing remote from the daily traffic and vicissitudes of life, we could understand the step that Oxford has taken officially; but nothing good and great can be done unless the principles of art give form and style to brainwork and to handicraft. Latin and Greek, for instance—the study of which is spurned by perfect fools, and spoilt by perfect pedants, but recognised as invaluable by every intelligent man—rest for all time on variants of the same principles which the Slade Professorship at Oxford was endowed to foster by means of lectures, some practical and some historical.

The endowment dates from 1869, when Felix Slade bequeathed £12,000 under trust to Oxford for the study of fine art. There was nothing indefinite in the donor's aims: "The professorship shall be tenable for three years; and a professor whose term of office shall have expired shall be re-eligible". He "shall give annually in the University galleries, or in some other place to be appointed by the Vice-Chancellor, a course of not less than twelve lectures on the history, theory, and practice of the Fine Arts, or of some section or sections of them". The lectures are free to townsfolk, so City and University benefit together; and we note, too, that in recent years they have been well attended. Not even the war, with the rush of undergraduates into the Army, emptied the lecture-room. The audiences were big enough to be encouraging; and other lectures on art in Oxford proved that the Slade Professorship, by appealing to the imagination, kept itself alive and influential. So it has not been suspended by apathy towards art in the citizens of Oxford; and we have still to learn to what

sufficient need or feeling it owes its suspension by the University.

Cambridge and London have made no change in their treatment of Felix Slade's Professorships. Indeed, a re-election took place last year at Cambridge, and it showed that art and a just war should not be treated as foes in England, because they never have been foes in progressive nations. Ruskin—to whom Oxford owes an abiding debt of gratitude—is not mistaken when he says that no great art ever yet rose on earth but among a nation of soldiers. In Greece, for example, where every citizen was necessarily a soldier, all art and all letters, like other Greek institutions, had just respect to war; and their conception of it, as one necessary office of all human and divine life, was expressed in their gods by simple emblems, as by Apollo's bow and arrow united to his lyre, and Athena's helmet and shield united to her shuttle.

Besides, it is precisely in a time of just war, when every faculty of every sincere mind is alert and wide awake, that the study of art as a living concern, inherited from age to age, and expressing spiritual greatness in unnumbered phases, has the best chance of being understood in adequate lectures. For this reason alone the suspension of the Slade Professorship at Oxford is an action to be deplored: it implies that art is useless when the times are out of joint, and may be put aside as a small private matter in the life of a great University. Cambridge has set a better example, but we hope that our own Alma Mater will draw back from her unfortunate step. It is not too late to do so; and we should rejoice if Oxford were to do so now before public pressure or indignation is brought to bear against her.

If Oxford needs for other purposes the stipend of her Slade Professorship—needs it urgently, imperatively—let the lectures be given for out-of-pocket expenses; it will be easy to effect this compromise. There will be no lack of volunteers, and the seven electors—four in Oxford, three in London—can make their choice. Last of all, as we are fighting in war to rescue great ideals, we cannot need in our public life any economy that seems to put a slight on high thoughts and right feelings. Felix Slade bequeathed money for a definite purpose, and his chair of art at Oxford has necessary work to do with inspiration.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 103) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE WESTERN THEATRE.

THE issues of modern warfare frequently depend upon rapid decisions, and it is to gain these ends that the organisation, equipment, and training of armies are founded. The measure of success of one opponent is based upon his superiority in these respects over his adversary. Though perhaps this superiority may, on the opening of the strife, lead at once to bloody battles, yet it is probable that the inequality of the opposing forces is not so great but that the whole result may show itself as a struggle in which the combating armies make but insignificant progress. Only when, after the greatest exertions have been made on both sides, a crisis supervenes, and is followed on the one side by inevitable exhaustion, do events begin to move more rapidly. With the turn of the tide which began to favour the Allied cause on the morrow of the battle at sea off Jutland Bank, the great task of wearing down a stubborn enemy has devolved upon the armies of the Entente Powers. It is bound to be a slow process. It is not only a question of endurance in the ranks of the fighting units: it is a matter of discipline and obedience in the ranks of the workers in the areas of supply, in order that the fighters may continue the struggle with an absolute certainty of maintaining a preponderating power over the arms of their adversaries. Nor must discipline be absent from the minds of subordinate leaders. Uncontrolled initiative may wreck the best intentions of

a commander-in-chief. With the gigantic combatant masses now brought into the field in modern warfare, all operating in lines of unheard-of length of battle front, the duties of the supreme command of an army have become more thorny than they ever were. It is a pitiful duty to have to curb the ambition and initiative of brave leaders, but it has to be weighed in the great balance of success for the main idea. It would, however, be the greatest evil that could possibly happen if generals and officers, out of anxiety and fear of going wrong, were always ready to "wait and see" what orders would be issued from a higher authority. In the first stages of our offensive we have provided for such contingencies. A defined objective has been allotted for the attack, and when that has been surmounted and made good the next task is prescribed. That means slow progress and deliberate intention. The importance of discipline throughout the ranks, from top to bottom, was never better illustrated than in this forward movement now in hand, with a view of breaking down the line of resistance so long held by our enemy in the Western theatre. It is discipline that makes these forces movable and guidable. Nothing can be more astonishing to the German professional soldier than to find himself worsted, as he has been in the daily battles near the Somme since 1 July, by troops who have been raised and trained since the inception of the war. The "contemptible little Army" which held him at arm's-length for so long on the banks of the Yser and at Ypres and La Bassée has gone, but its spirit is embodied in the ranks of its successor. To that spirit has been joined a moral and intellectual discipline, the priceless gift of a higher education than has hitherto been found in the ranks of our Army. No body of men have ever been raised in our midst that were so easy to teach and so willing to learn, when once material and instructors were forthcoming for the purpose. That there were some wastrels and scallywags in the first levies is not disputed, but their vices, such as they were, have been lost in the larger mass of better leaven, and their dare-devil spirit may not infrequently have been of good example. We may lay the achievement of our recent successes in the region of the Somme to the close study of our own previous failures, and to the experience gained from both the successes and the failures of the German. Where the enemy has triumphed we have decided in future to go one better when opportunity serves. How diverse from the German has been our procedure! "Necessity knows no laws" has been the creed upon which he has worked, whether for good or evil, for nearly two years. Necessity, on the other hand, has imposed upon the Allies, and more especially upon the British, the humiliating penalty of taking the buffetings of the enemy without means of retaliation. It would be but to invite destruction of an army to call upon it to undertake an active offensive against such a well-found enemy as the German if the power of sustaining that offensive were wanting. We have been silent witnesses in 1915 of the truth of this contention in the Eastern theatre. No chief of a great Army, after such a lesson, would hesitate to obey the law of necessity as a controlling factor in war. Doubts are now dispelled. We find ourselves strong enough to strike. For great achievements, the first condition is a man of authority with the courage to demand them of his troops in the field. Military history tells us that those who dare to demand something extraordinary are few. We have been singularly fortunate in finding the right man in the right place at the right time. The confidence existing between him and his immediate subordinate commanders, and the bond of union between those commanders and their troops, is the product of non-interference which has arisen since the days when a chief of the Imperial Staff was appointed to unravel the great tangle of war direction which had been woven in the councils of the Empire. It meant real salvation to our armies in the field when we handed the reins of guidance to a chief with war-tried experi-

ence of the most recent type. The current of military thought and practice has flowed so rapidly in the successive years of the twentieth century that those who have not kept in the stream are bound to find themselves lost when they are suddenly faced with the whirlpool of war. It was a national misfortune that in the initial step that we took in this huge contest we were deprived of the guiding hand of the Chief of the Imperial Staff, who was removed for the purpose of commanding our armies. True, the great administrator who was called upon to take up the reins of direction performed absolute prodigies of success in raising, arming, and equipping armies in their millions, yet a long lost touch with the real methods of modern war, and with the application of science to those methods, unfortunately betrayed him into pitfalls which have cost the nation dearly. We know not where to apportion blame; but we know that we have lost armies, and been tempted to embark on futile diversions, and have nothing to show for these extravagances but a lost prestige. We have yet to discover why the early call for guns of all natures made by our armies in France was not answered, and who was responsible for the conversion of thousands of magnificent artillerymen into infantry soldiers. It is imperative that in the War Council of the Empire there should be a professor of the art of modern war, with a personal experience of all its difficulties and requirements. That our house is at last in order we can read for ourselves. By dint of sheer perseverance we have forced ourselves into a superior position to the German in the air, with its reconnaissance duties, and in the inevitable combat that must be won to hold command of that element. It is equally so in the great gun contest. Without this double superiority the infantry, "the soul of the attack", would have but a minor confidence in success. But we have gone much further in order to foster confidence in success, and that it has well repaid us the trouble and time that have been spent upon this matter is evidenced by the steady and methodical advance which our armies have made in the region of the Ancre and the Somme. We are grateful to our antagonist at Verdun for the lessons he has initiated; but we have gone one better than the German. He was content to rehearse behind the firing line all the methods that he deemed necessary for a successful attack on the trench lines of his opponent which guarded the outworks of the stronghold. In our case we have reproduced the actual battle front that has to be won, with all its main labyrinths and lines of communications, and over these the actors in the forthcoming scenes have learnt by experience where to work and where to expect extra difficulties, and to recognise the obstacles when faced with them in actual combat. Air supremacy in the province of Picardy has enabled us to achieve what the German failed to do in the region of the Meuse. Our bold observers have brought back actual photographs of the plan of the hostile lines, first, second, and third. The German has spent lives in their thousands to acquire the mere skeleton of information that was necessary for success, and has failed. Thanks to our airmen, we have achieved a fuller purpose with comparative impunity. The steady onward push of our Army to the East from its old line of resistance is almost miraculous. The confidence born of much success which has won from the enemy his first and second lines of defence should carry the arms of our men through his last line of resistance. But in the efforts so far made we have found there is still much to learn. Plans of defence may show the outline of positions, but do not disclose all the subtleties that lie beneath the surface. The deep labyrinths which our brave men have so speedily traversed in their onward rush hold garrisons which must be dealt with by some means. A fresh organisation in the attacking columns may be deemed necessary to dispose of these bodies of the enemy, who at any moment may come out of their hiding and play havoc with the flank or rear of the assaulting parties. Our leaders may be

trusted to see this trouble rectified. We may be content to leave to them the smallest detail necessary to ensure success. When we hear that provision has been made for the movement of guns and horses over captured trench lines and that cavalry has found scope for action in the forward positions that have been gained we may rest assured that few stones have been left unturned to enable every means of support to be afforded to our magnificent infantry. Every day gives signs that our leaders are putting brain into the contest, and every hour is giving proof that our men are appreciating the head work that has been put into the struggle by those leaders and are responding magnificently to the call which the decisions of their chiefs demand. There are no symptoms of a claim upon the energies of the men which would overtax their powers. The men of the new armies have one great advantage over those of the old time: they have nothing to unlearn. The period of their final training has been spent in the precincts of the school of actual warfare. In place of the old-time methods of long advances over bullet-swept zones of fire they begin the contest with crossed bayonets or with a hand-to-hand bomb struggle. We have every reason to be gratified with the result of their teaching.

The courage of the German, as we have hitherto known to our cost, has been beyond dispute. It is born of the spirit of the offensive, the very gospel of the German nation, which ever looks to grasp the throat of the enemy in front of him. This spirit has been buoyed up with the assured confidence that behind it stand guns in overpowering numbers that will not fail it when required. Matters in this latter respect have now been put upon an equality. We at length see the German in a new rôle, that of the defensive. Will he take his punishment as unflinchingly as our brave men have done for nearly two years, the penalty imposed by absolute necessity? The vivid stories that we are at last favoured with from active Pressmen at the front disclose a secret. The conviction is being forced upon the German that a body of men which possesses the dash and energy to force its way through a deadly shower of projectiles will, at a push, certainly possess the courage and requisite energy to finish him off with cold steel if he awaits its approach. The shuddering fear of death drives him to surrender or to flight. We have started on the long road to victory. It will be won, not so much by the annihilation of the German warrior as by the utter destruction of his courage. Now that the Central Powers are driven to the defensive a change has come over the moral of our foes. Both East and West prisoners are being roped in by their thousands. It is a significant omen, but for a triumph there must be no pause in the forward march of the Allies to victory, no hesitation of purpose. Once the point of the weapon of offence has got its hold upon the enemy it must be driven in up to the very hilt, however bloody be the task. It means men and more men, shells and more shells, work and more work for many months to come.

To appreciate correctly the splendid achievements of the armies of the Allies in the region of the Somme since the advance on 1 July it is necessary to study closely the map of the German trenches which was issued officially to the Press on the 18th inst. The maze of interlaced works and communication trenches in the complex system of German defence would justify the enemy in deeming his position absolutely impregnable. We must remember that for nearly two years the German has been left undisturbed in this region, at leisure to perfect his conception of defence, and yet, after an artillery preparation lasting some six days and nights, every conceivable shelter and every visible obstacle that showed above the surface of the ground on a front of twenty miles was hammered into dust. It almost passes the understanding to realise the immensity of the task set to the artillery, and that they carried it out is proved by the smooth path that they have afforded to our incomparable infantry and

that of our Allies, who, though heavy losers, have in fourteen days achieved the task of capturing nearly twice the area that has fallen to German arms at Verdun after a struggle of nearly five months. The map of these German trenches affords a good illustration of what lies before our munition workers at home. It should be hung in every workshop with a note to remind the toiler that some ninety miles of equally strong protective works have to be demolished ere we can hope to budge the German from the footing he has won on the soil of our Allies.

We can afford to welcome the counter-attack now made upon the last lines of hostile defence which our brave men have won near Waterlot Farm, Delville Wood, and Bazentin. These enemy efforts are made for good purpose. For weary months we have fought on the defensive for time, in order to find means to fight. The German now is fighting for time to find means of making fresh lines of resistance. He is driven to play a new rôle in the region of the Somme. The battle here will be the reverse of the picture on the Meuse.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THE STILLNESS OF WAR.*

BY AN OFFICER IN KITCHENER'S ARMY.

IT is a warm, close night of June. For three weeks or more cold north winds and rain have supplied us with that essential of life, a grievance; but now the weather, if not fine, is at least warm. All day the chalky valleys have glared in the sun, and fields of poppy and mustard and cornflower have spread their glories before the more or less appreciative soldier; the air has grown steadily more oppressive, and clouds have drawn over, till at last a sudden whirl of dust has swept our valley from end to end, and a crashing, drenching thunderstorm has cooled the air and given us a short respite. And the night has come down, late, as it seems—for even in France, where we work impartially by day and by night, we profess to save daylight—and again the air has hung heavier and heavier, like a warm wet blanket, and a soft rain is falling, so that the trenches get slippery, and the fatigue man, tottering under dixie or ammunition box, flounders about and curses freely.

And over all broods a most appalling silence. To talk of the noise of war is a commonplace—shell shock and "trench nerves" are only too real; but the silence of the trenches, though less devastating in its effects, is equally a thing to be felt and endured. Every journalist has told of the heroic salient of Ypres, where not a moment passes without the sound of a shell in the air, but none of them have written of, because none of them could have imagined, the trench silence, which brings, not relief, but apprehension. It is literally true that for as much as a quarter of an hour at a time not a bullet or a shell is fired within earshot of a given point in the line, and it must be said again the effect is not restful. It is weird, uncanny, unnatural.

For consider: hundreds of miles of front, held by hundreds of thousands of men, who are equipped with all the latest devices for killing; the lines rarely more than five hundred yards apart, and often less than one hundred, and for the time being—all night, in fact—nothing to show for it—not a sound, not an attempt at killing. All this vast machinery, this organisation of death, this capital sunk in the great investment of war, stands idle, bringing no return, earning no dividend. The inactivity of the day is more bearable and less pronounced. The artillery is more noisy behind us, and the drone of the aeroplanes above never ceases; besides, there is palpably nothing to shoot at with a rifle, and it is folly to expose oneself by looking over the parapet. But at night it is different. The officer on duty, as he makes his rounds, wanders through trenches where the yellow mustard has rambled over the sides and spread a network between

* Written on the night before our great bombardment started.

him and the stars; there is not a sound but that of his own walking and the scuffle of a prowling rat. His thoughts wander back to blessed evenings on the Cher at Oxford, with cushions and a supper basket in a punt, urged down stream by a lazy paddle to Mesopotamia of blessed memory; or he is walking again in fancy over the quiet downs of Hampshire, or dropping down the steep slope of Honister to the inn by the lake at Buttermere. And the night is warm, and the works of Nature desirable, until, with a start, he is back in grim reality, and the silent sky becomes hateful, and the calm of the night full of fear and danger. Was I wrong to call the silence of the trenches unnatural, almost an outrage?

This much has been true of many nights in the past year, though it is not always summer, and walking in the trenches has often been a violent physical struggle with mud. But to-night there is a new meaning in the silence; instead of fear, we have been given hope. Fear and uncertainty have been banished to the other side of No Man's Land. For on this side we know that what the papers call the Summer Offensive, but we, laconically, the Push or the Stunt, is soon to be a reality. Months ago the plans have been laid; reports have been sent in, every detail has been foreseen and provided for in a way which fills us with respect and admiration for that much-maligned body the Staff. And if we know it, the enemy knows it too. Quite apart from his system of spies behind the lines, the clouds of dust which veil our villages and roads, the unusual number of aeroplanes which make his Fokker raids few and hasty, and the frequent arrival of large shells in his lines, as a new 9.2 or 12 inch "registers"—everything combines to tell him that a new enterprise is afoot. Concentration on the scale necessary for success in modern warfare cannot be effected unseen. We have no doubt the enemy knows that our "Big Push" is coming.

The knowledge does not disturb us. To know of impending danger does not always entail an ability to guard against it. And we have more than a suspicion that the Hun is not exactly happy in his mind. He knows of our offensive—granted. But he also knows that half the Austrian Army is held in Italy, while the other half is being neatly rolled up by Russia. He knows that Russia has other cards still to play, and that Verdun is ready to take and to destroy as many men as he cares to supply. He knows that his Fleet is safe only in the Kiel Canal and behind the mine-fields of Heligoland. Finally, his logical mind knows for a fact that the Allies are beaten—on paper—while they continue to show a most irrational and disturbing determination to go on fighting and to win the war. His knowledge is complete on all these points, and he derives no comfort from it. That is why he is so quiet to-night.

Our quietness is of a different order, the quietness of confidence and of the determination to win through. Nor does it extend beyond the front line of trenches, for there alone our preparations are complete. Behind the line activity is unceasing and prodigious. The lorry-driver is earning his pay with a vengeance. Day and night new guns are coming up, and every battery means emplacements to be made for the guns, dug-outs for the men, and shells, shells, to be brought up. There are infantry battalions by the score, and anyone who has tried to command even a section of men knows the immense pains and care for detail that one battalion requires. And when ten battalions are massed together the work needed is multiplied not by ten, but by twenty, and so on in geometrically increasing proportion. From general to company cook, everyone is working and planning. And in all ranks is the same quiet and happy confidence that at last we are going to "get a bit of our own back on the Hun". The old days are past: shells are now plentiful; reserves are to be had for the asking. For once we are going into a fight with the odds even at least, if not in our favour. And we know it, and the enemy knows it. The "winter of our dis-

content" is gone, and the full promise of summer is ours.

Naturally we do not think of our losses. They are bound to be heavy, for our enemy is not yet beaten, and he has shells in plenty. But we are going to get the chance to meet him on level terms, and the British Army asks no more. That is why our line is so quiet to-night.

R. H.

ORIENTAL LIGHT CAVALRY.—I.

By LIEUT.-COL. A. C. YATE.

TWO thousand five hundred years have passed since the prophet Habakkuk, his thoughts bursting into words inspired by the Divine afflatus and by inborn poetic fire, drew this graphic picture of the Chaldean cavalry of his day: "Their horses also are swifter than leopards, and are more fierce than the evening wolves; and their horsemen spread themselves; yea, their horsemen come from far; they fly as an eagle that hasteth to devour". The vision of the Jewish seer and poet is prosaically reproduced in the language of the Gentile journalist of 1916. "The mobility of the Arab cavalry, who ride light and are unsparing of their horses, is something outside experience. They are always hovering on our flanks, ready to take advantage of any accident or confusion by the way, and they follow like jackals in our rear." When Nabuchodonosor, King of Assyria, sent the chief captain of his army, Holofernes, against all the west country, a mission which cost the captain his head at the hands of Judith, Holofernes took with him "twelve thousand archers on horseback". We infer that the light cavalry of the Assyrian and the Chaldean or Babylonian were but the precursors of the famous Parthian *cheval-légers* whom the Romans found to be such formidable foes. Canon Rawlinson, in his history of the Second of the Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World, describes very clearly the seat and equipment of the early Assyrian light horseman. He rides without saddle and stirrups; his chief weapon is the bow, though sword and shield are also carried; he has a mounted attendant who holds and guides his horse while he shoots; the archer's legs and feet are bare, and he sits his horse with the seat of a Tod Sloan, gripping the wither or the base of the neck between his knees. At a later period a pad or saddle-cloth is used by way of saddle, and the horse is so trained that the rider can shoot from its back at a stand or in motion, as he may wish. The Persians followed in the footsteps of their fore-runners in the Monarchy of the Middle East. Even to this day the Persians, like the Cossacks, are famous for their feats on horseback. Just a century ago a member of General Gardanne's Embassy from France to the Court of Persia records that the chief strength of the Shah's army consisted in cavalry, which might be estimated at from 150,000 to 200,000 strong, and are divided into four great divisions, which, in their nomenclature recall (I may add) the seven "Langues" of the Knights Hospitallers. The four divisions are known as (1) Turk zābān, (2) Kurd zābān, (3) Arab zābān, and (4) Lur zābān. Zābān means *langue* or language. The writer, M. Tancoigne, adds: "Were it not for the pistol and carbine which some of them add to their otherwise antique equipment, they might still be mistaken for the Persians of the time of Xerxes and Darius. They are excellent for turning the flanks of an army, and in skirmishing."

When we turn to writers such as Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus for some description of the mounted troops with which the earlier known Egyptian monarchs and the Kings of Persia carried out their extensive invasions and conquests, we find nothing definite about cavalry tactics. Numbers are given us—80,000 and so on; but more interesting than mere numbers is the statement that the Arabs were mounted, not on horses, but on camels as swift as horses. Most visitors to

India are familiar with the magnificent "sāndnis" of Jaisalmir and Bikanir. The Bikanir Camel Corps has already made its mark among the Imperial Forces of the Crown.

When we turn to Xenophon, whose magnificent march to the Euxine, as one of the Commanders of the immortal Ten Thousand, took place quite eighty years later than Xerxes's abortively offensive immigration of millions across the Hellespont, we find graphically described the treacherous approach, as the column was moving off from its camp, of Mithridates with his 200 troopers and 400 bowmen and slingers. Suddenly horse and foot alike opened fire and inflicted serious loss on the Greek rearguard, which was powerless to reply. In vain Xenophon, with a detachment of hoplites and peltasts, endeavoured to come to close quarters with them. The Persian horsemen kept up a discharge of arrows as they fell back before them, and the farther the Greeks pursued the farther they had to fight their way back again. These Persian tactics on a plain are the precise counterpart of Pathan tactics in the Yaghistan of the North-West Frontier of India, the Persian being mounted and the Pathan on foot. And all that poor Xenophon got for doing his best under the circumstances was to be told by his elders that he had better have done nothing. "However", said Xenophon, "we have at least learnt a lesson; let us profit by it. Rhodian bullets are more than a match for Persian pebbles, and the pick of our transport animals will make capital cavalry remounts". Within twenty-four hours a corps of 200 slingsmen and fifty horse was organised. This promptitude of action was the very essence of that spirit which brought the Greeks safe through the very country in which British and Russian armies are now operating. The country lying between Ctesiphon on the Tigris, where, three months ago, General Townshend fought a stern battle against superior numbers, and Erzerum, near the source of the Araxes, which has fallen before the Russian army of the Caucasus, is the very scene of the memorable march to the success and eternal fame of which Xenophon so signally contributed. The port on the Euxine from which the "Ten Thousand" took ship—Kotyora—is close to Trebizond, which is now in Russian hands.

Three hundred and fifty years later a Roman army challenged the Parthians, the then dominant race on the upper waters of the Euphrates and Tigris, and past-masters in the tactics which for centuries had distinguished the Mesopotamian light cavalry. If Mithridates harried the "Ten Thousand" with 200 horsemen, the general of Orodes met Crassus with two hundred times that number, or more, men who never closed with but unceasingly galled their enemy. These were backed up by a heavy cavalry armed with long pikes or spears and formed in a serried line which could carry all before them in a charge or stand firm against a charge made upon them. When Virgil (*Georg.* IV., 313-4) would find a simile for a dense swarm of bees he compares them to the first shower of arrows in a Parthian attack:—

"aut ut, nervo pulsante, sagittæ,
Prima leves ineunt si quando prælia Parthi".

The light cavalry of Surenas buzzed round the army of Crassus, driving the Roman troops to desperation, inflicting much and incurring little loss. Finally, the Consul detached a mixed force 6,000 strong under his son Publius, with orders to charge the Parthians. He and his 6,000 were in the end surrounded and annihilated. The Parthians then returned to attack the main body under Crassus. "The mailed horsemen approached close to the legionaries and thrust at them with their long pikes, while the light-armed, galloping across the Roman front, discharged their arrows over the heads of their own men. The Romans could neither successfully defend themselves nor effectively retaliate." Night alone brought relief, and then only till the morrow. Treachery set a coping-stone upon the Parthian victory, and of the 40,000 whom Crassus led across the Euphrates not 10,000 returned. Then, as now, the Bedouin was swift to side with the victor,

and made the Romans in their retreat realise the bitterness of the Brennian cry: "Væ Victis!" In these days the failure of Crassus would have been cited as an additional proof that no man over sixty is fit to be a general, and the familiar passage from Disraeli's "Coningsby"—which, by the way, teems with misleading figures—would have been quoted with more unction than ever. Count Moltke, Suwaroff, and Lord Roberts are conveniently forgotten.

Again we leap over a period of 450 years and find that under the Sassanian dynasty all is changed. "We hear nothing" during these centuries of those clouds of light horse which, under the earlier Persian and under the Parthian monarchy, hung about invading or retreating armies, countless in their numbers, agile in their movements, a terrible annoyance at the best of times and a fearful peril under certain circumstances. The only light horse of which we have any mention during the disastrous retreat of the Emperor Julian's army are the Saracenic allies of Sapor (Shahpur). We may add to this, on the authority of Professor Oman (*"Art of War in the Middle Ages"*, iv., 2), that the Byzantine Army contemporary with the Sassanian dynasty of Persia used heavy cavalry alone from the days of the Emperor Maurice to the fatal battle of Manzikert. At this period the people who found in light cavalry the arm best suited to their nature and purpose were the nomad tribes that roamed over the country separating the Roman from the Persian Empire. The Bedouin Arabs of Mesopotamia were known as "Saraceni" to the Greek and Roman writers of the first century of the Christian era, if not earlier, and, as we shall see later, it was these Arab nomads who inherited the tactics of the Persian and Parthian school and handed them down even to the present day. Ducange provides us with three or four derivations of the word "Saraceni", which are in every way worthy of mediæval etymology, but modern philological research has rightly, it is believed by many, traced it to the Arabic word شرق (shārk, plur. shārkīn), which means "the East". "Saraceni" are nothing more nor less, originally, than "men of the East", and as the name was applied to nomad Arabs who infested the eastern frontiers of the Roman Empire from Arabia and Egypt on the south to the upper waters of the Euphrates on the north, the derivation from the Arabic word signifying "East" cannot reasonably, one would think, be rejected. But although the Sassanian dynasty dispensed with the famous light cavalry, we have ample proof that the Persian nation never lost its skill in riding. Bahrām-i-Gūr, the celebrated hunter of the wild ass, famed for its fleetness, was the beau idéal of the Persian hero and horseman; and Persia has, perhaps, a better claim than any country to the invention of polo, a game in which riding pure and simple plays a prominent part. I have vividly now before my eyes a painting in an old MS. of Hafiz, in which figure two or more mounted polo-players, with the legend in Persian: "Come on to the polo-ground, King of riders; strike the ball". The game is distinctly described in Chardin's *"Voyages en Perse"*, Tome III., p. 58 (4th Edit., 1735), where testimony is also borne to the agility, suppleness, and nerve of the Persian horsemen.

THE PURSUIT OF LATIN.

"THE pursuit of Latin", some one will say, "is obsolete or obsolescent; you should write on the pursuit of the adjective, the pursuit of the Germans, the pursuit of paradox. Those who are pat in their Latin overrate it. Apart from Balliol men and a few Tories, Latin has gone. You know what I mean—it is not used by the world, though scholars may revel in it, just as golfers revel in their obscure and irritating language".

Is it indeed so? Does no one to-day, unless he is a

* Rawlinson, *"Seventh Monarchy"*, p. 640. The opening chapter of Procopius's *"Persian Wars"* describes the light horse of the Eastern Roman Empire as well mounted and equipped, and, when galloping at full speed, using the bow effectively to front or rear. This was in Justinian's time.

scholar, want the dead language? Evidence to the contrary, if anyone would take the trouble to collect it or remember it, is attainable; but collectors are not often busied with such lively things as words and phrases, and Mnemosyne, who, after all, was the mother of the nine Muses, is a goddess out of date and repute.

Here, however, are a few instances of unscholarly Latin, quoted not for their importance, but to show the position of Latin in the general world of to-day. A literary paper supplies every week a sketch on its front page of some notable person. One week it was a famous woman, and the world discovered from the same page that she was "natus, 1820". Neither she nor any other female, however eminent, was ever "natus". The small schoolboy will readily correct the gender. But even where Latin is not perfect one feels that it adds prestige to a sketch weekly, or otherwise. So does many a writer who feels instinctively that Latin is good, better, perhaps, than his own English, or, at any rate, a real addition to it. "It's a necessity", a popular orator once exclaimed concerning his favourite expedient; "I can even go so far as to say that it's a *sine qua non*". An old gentleman named Cator told everybody he met that his name was the Latin for "maker", and this strange delusion was his chief pride. It was a fact for him, and a glorious one. That is a real tribute to the glamour of Latin; but the written word, passed in proof, may be considered more decisive. One writer of distinction, but accomplished in other studies than Latin, has translated "Deo, non fortuna fretus" "freighted by God, not Fortune"; another ready writer has exclaimed "Et in Arcadia ego vixit!" and a third, whose rendering was really too apt for the recent winter to be deprecated, made "Carpe diem" into "Carp at the days". The amaranthine Ouida, who credited her wicked Ambassador with the motto "Not pro Deo, but pro Ego", has her imitators. The mere notation of human error in any part of life grows tedious; but who can resist "Lucia of Samosaka, a Japanese lady", made by a defunct evening paper out of Lucian of Samosata? The gay ghost of that incessant foe of pretentious ignorance must have smiled.

Even the guides to Latin, who, one might suppose, had got there, are pursuing. The largest dictionary of Latin quotations available in English gives on the very first page "Ab ovo usque ad mala", and explains it thus: "From the eggs to the apples (From morning till night, in allusion to the Roman *cena*)." This pleasant misconception suggests that the Romans spent their whole day in eating, a meal more interminable than the huge banquet of Trimalchio!

Again, "Fallentis semita vitæ" is "the pathway of my declining years" to the same guide. He, it is clear, had no Orbilius, no Busby; but he is indefatigable in Latin, and Greek too. "Fallo", of course, ought to mean "I fall", but alas! deceit here and elsewhere lies in wait for the ready writer and the industrious compiler.

Do such people mind about such trifles as a mis-translation any schoolboy could rectify, and, if they do, why don't they take advice from those who know? If a large London borough chooses a Latin motto, why does it get something which will not translate? These are the questions not merely of the scholar, but also of the ordinary man, since no one likes to make mistakes.

The answer is that these pathetic strugglers after Latin do not see themselves pursuing: they think that they have achieved it. A little Latin seems to them not a dangerous thing, but a natural part of English—it is not printed, like Greek or German, in foreign letters—and so, they think, instinct or intuition will carry them through. Latin is, in fact, a popular need as an adornment of English; and its popular character is emphasised by the fact that the guide to it noted above is not written by a scholar, or, at any rate, not corrected by a scholar.

The fact is that every writer who is a stylist or has any idea of writing showy or specious English uses more Latin than he knows. He wants the glamour of sound and association. So a certain journalist, an enthusiast for Kent, wrote of "Rupitanian oysters" at Richborough, seeking to add the prestige of the Roman Empire to his comment, and securing instead a flavour of the kingdom of Anthony Hope. The mistake was pointed out. Did he correct it? Of course not.

The popular demand for Latin is secure; it is so full of "boss words". In time the real meanings may be lost, for the rising democracy will shout down the man who knows any day; but the words will survive. Their mere sound is a pleasure; they are, like Napoleon and a good many public characters, magnificent, if not truthful.

The store of names Latin supplies, including those from Greek sources, is tremendous. "Has anyone", asks Matthew Arnold, "reflected what a touch of grossness in our race, what an original shortcoming in the more delicate spiritual perceptions, is shown by the natural growth amongst us of such hideous names—Higginbottom, Stiggins, Bugg!"

Let a thousand professors demonstrate that these names are really lovely, that Stiggins is the Norman Stigand, and no artist, no writer of showy English, will believe them.

The classics will survive by virtue of their resonance alone, even if that resonance is curtailed in the latest English, and the translator makes the original obsolete. We can fancy the guide of the future exclaiming:—

"Reader in a hurry
For some Greek, why worry?
Get the grace that hides
In old Euripides
From Professor Murray".

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. McKENNA AND "HAMLET".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 July 1916.

SIR,—The Secretary of State for the Colonies reads "Macbeth", we know, but does the Chancellor of the Exchequer read "Hamlet"? Everybody, including members of the Cabinet, should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest "Hamlet"; for, like its mighty author, of whom it is a microcosm, "Hamlet" provides for almost everything. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer does read "Hamlet", there are three lines therein which nowadays should make him furiously to think:

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry".

Yours, etc.,
OXFORD.

REPRISALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea,

19 July 1916.

SIR,—There appears to be an uneasy fluttering in the dovescotes of pro-German susceptibilities on account of the manly and straightforward statements of Lord R. Cecil in the House of Commons as to the infliction of reprisals on Germany for the diabolical treatment and semi-starvation to which the unfortunate British prisoners in their cruel grip have been, and are being, subjected—treatment which would never have occurred to other than German minds, except, perhaps, Bulgarians.

Those good people, who appear to be so much more solicitous for the welfare of German prisoners in our hands than for that of their own suffering countrymen in Germany, suppose that the most just reprisals threatened by Lord Robert Cecil were to be in the form

of the barbarity exercised on their British captives by the Germans. Nothing of the kind could have been contemplated. It is wholly repugnant to us British to bully, insult, and ill-treat those who are down and cannot retaliate. Nothing could make us act after German methods. No—such reprisals are not contemplated, but when the German is completely thrust down, and when he is brought to account for the crimes that have made him an outlaw among the civilised nations, punishment will be inflicted and payment exacted from him to the last jot and tittle. Had the Germans succeeded in carrying out their monstrous plot we know but too well the fate that was intended for us; and if this awful amount of suffering which Germany has designedly forced upon the world is not to be repeated by her, she must be as utterly crushed, and her teeth drawn and her claws cut, as it was her purpose towards the nations conquered by her.

Your obedient servant,
ALFRED E. TURNER.

ECONOMICS AND THE FUTURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Savile Club, 10 July 1916.

SIR,—While reciprocating Mr. E. S. Robertson's kind expressions of sympathy, may I endeavour (at a moment when all factions, argumentation, or other waste of energy is so much to be eschewed) to centre attention on the essential points of the discussion?

1. To any practical and vigorous nation freedom of exchange—like all other freedom—whatever ephemeral exceptions it may admit at an unprecedented crisis like the present, must remain the ideal.

2. The nations of Europe (or the world) are not a set of uniform individualities. They vary widely—as I have suggested—in vigour, actuality, freedom, and historical character. By all means let us hope for a closer approximation (among all the "Allies") to the highest and most unifying ideals, yet without forgetting the venerable proverb ("Love your neighbour as much as you please", etc.) which reminds us that artificial amalgamation—in all societies, individual or racial—is worse than candid difference. We ourselves have to preserve a dignified and continuous economic policy consistent with our past history, experience, and success. To abandon such principles in a moment of exceptional enthusiasm would only be to lower our position and lessen our capacity of helping our (in some respects less fortunate) Allies.

3. Apart from this, it is obvious that the highest political wisdom in the country must devote itself to the consideration of what sort of future we are ("after the war") to anticipate. War or peace? Chaos or order? In this we must not be terrified out of our task by the immensity even of such a calamity as the present.

The German attack upon Europe will be recorded in history as a crime, a monstrosity, an outrage; no inevitable evolution, but the act (in the main) of a small, demoralised militarist clique entrusted (through a long course of supine political apathy in a group of helpless provincial-minded communities) with a monstrous accumulation of despotic and unrepresentative power.

Having been forced—unwilling and unprepared—into this contest, we mean to fight, at any rate, till there is no danger of any early recurrence of such a peril.

But the truth is that the peril is an extraordinary one, intrinsically improbable—on anything like the scale exhibited.

4. We must therefore anticipate that the world will, in the main, pursue its normal course, a gradual realisation of an ever-increasing degree of unity and liberty, as before the war. "Kaiserism", as someone said of Napoleon, "is an episode". Historically, this malignant crime—which has nothing to do with the legitimate aspirations of Germany—has no more sense or meaning than a conflagration caused by the disobedience of a spoilt child.

When "Prussianism", which understands no other logic, has perished, crushed to earth, by the sword, there is no absurdity in expecting that a new (revolutionised) and repentant "Germany" will realise all this almost as clearly as the rest of the civilised world.

For her, as for us, such a faith—and such action—afford the only hope of salvation. A nation that invites so much hostility must expect the severest punishment. Five or ten years' absolute ostracism, if that can be managed, would be a mild penalty.

But anything like a final division—commercial or other—between the German-speaking and other Powers is neither seriously conceivable nor reasonably desirable. "Germany" has "put on" a demoralised savagery, but is and remains a force intimately allied with the Anglo-Saxon, the "intellectual home" (whatever silly people may jabber about Lord Haldane) of most of our scholars and thinkers for a century past. That is the essence of the tragedy, and our sense of it unites us with the true soul of the country against the Imperialist and materialist monstrosities of to-day.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

G. H. POWELL.

P.S.—One of your correspondents (I forbear to give his name, but I note there is a "Coventry" in the address given) wonders why Schumann's music is more precious to some of us than the dear old English "drawing-room song". He may be congratulated at least on not having yet half-realised the spiritual misery caused by the World-war.

HOW HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.,

4 June 1916.

SIR,—May I call your attention to the striking analogy between the ancient Egyptians of 4,000 years ago and the Germans of to-day, as disclosed in the pages of C. Piazz Smyth's "Life and Work at the Great Pyramid", Vol. III., Div. III., in character, morals, ideals, cruelty to prisoners of war, and false religious belief! "The idolatrous and Cain-like Egyptians thrived and waxed exceeding mighty above all the then nations of the earth; they wrote, they built, they ploughed, they sculptured, they painted, they warred, and they tyrannised; but at the moment they held everything vile before them, and asserted that they were indebted for their greatness to themselves alone, and their own purity; then were they made to erect the most toilsome monument which the whole world has ever seen; not for their own glory as they thought, but really, and in the latter end, for the honour of the God whom they had despised, and even dethroned, in favour of bulls and goats."

Quoting Chevalier Bunsen, he writes:—"Egypt, in fact, appears as the instrument of Providence for furthering its eternal purpose, but only as forming a background and contrast to that free, spiritual, and moral element which was to arise out of Israel", pp. 528-9. Read Germany for Egypt and the Allies in place of Israel and we have exactly what is taking place to-day. It almost makes one believe in the theory of reincarnation—that the Germans are the ancient Egyptians re-embodied. I offer the suggestion to our Theosophical friends for what it is worth, and only hope the analogy of their destiny may still hold—long centuries of bondage and degradation as a fitting punishment for their selfish crimes.

Yours, etc.,

A. K. VENNING.

THE DECAY OF FAITH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There has occurred to my mind a sentence in an article I once read on Dr. Sanday's book (or pamphlet), "Continuity of Thought and Relativity of Expression": "The theological faculties of Oxford and Cambridge are dominantly Liberal. . . . The Faith, however, is accustomed to go on while men, even the most eminent, fall away."

F. HUMPHREYS.

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To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The correspondence now going on in your pages on the "Decay of Faith" is full of the liveliest interest.

The Author and Finisher of faith Himself predicted that on His return, now probably not far distant, faith would have so far decayed that it would be a question if it really should be found on the earth at all. The faith to which He referred is not a faith in creeds or in Churches, but an actual positive belief in God Himself as deeply interested in mankind, and in the brief visit to this world of that most remarkable Person who lived and died in Palestine between 4 B.C. and 30 A.D., and who now lives in a region quite accessible to the human spirit, though not to the present human body, and who is constantly and universally (though quite unconsciously) acknowledged as King throughout Christendom; also in His present actual ability and goodwill to meet every need of humanity.

If the faith in this Person, which is professed by every branch of the Church, were turned into a reality of belief, it would revivify the whole Church and obliterate every trace of sectional distinction.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ANOTHER LAYMAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Societies Club,

St. James's Street, S.W.

SIR,—The letter of "Chaplain, R.N.", brings the friendly controversy that has been going on in the SATURDAY REVIEW very much to the point. The experience of every thinker has been that vague pawing the air is not only useless but really dangerous in theological questions. Unless there is some neutral ground on which the combat is waged—in other words, unless there is a real and earnest desire to understand the why and the wherefore of the dispute—the only result will be loss of time and temper. "Presbyter" begs the question frankly by referring to his opponent as a "fool void of understanding", and Mr. J. W. Williams retorts very sharply that "Presbyter" does not know what he is talking about. Again, Mr. Winans declares that "no one with a sane brain can doubt that the universe is governed by some supreme wisdom"; and Mr. Waddington insists in reply that there are thousands of persons with perfectly "sane brains" in Europe who have no doubt whatever on the subject, but are quite certain that the universe is not governed by supreme wisdom.

The term "religion" to some conveys a real meaning of consolation and peace, while to others it is not only meaningless, but in many cases acts as the proverbial red rag to the bull. To deny that it is so is impossible. We must take things as they are. There is no doubt whatever that the Church has lost ground to-day. It may regain it in the future, and in the best interests of the human race it must regain it, for the Church means well and is on the side of good.

The letter of "Chaplain, R.N.", touches the exact spot by saying "It is only by 'ascending to detail' that we can clear our minds on these matters". From a very large and varied experience I have come to the conclusion that the terms "Religion", "Faith", "Christianity" have been used in such diverse significations that it is absolutely hopeless to get at their real meaning, unless we begin by defining rigidly the precise signification that we individually attach to them. The other side then has a chance to grasp one's meaning, and deal with it straightforwardly.

To start with, the position I maintain—and I am stating this merely to show my standpoint as a thinker, attained after a prolonged study of the question of the interpretation of the Bible—is that the Church has never really grasped the actual, full, and complete meaning of the doctrine of Jesus Christ.

Let us take a few points in illustration, such as prayer, faith, formality.

We are all used to the Church methods of prayer. We are told that we must go to church once or twice on Sundays, and go through certain rites and formal prayers, etc. Now this is the very thing that Christ taught that

we must not do—"And when thou prayest thou shalt not be as the hypocrites, for they love to pray standing in the synagogue and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. But thou when thou prayest enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy father which is in secret." Either this verse means something or nothing. If it means something, the Church has not grasped it, but goes on exactly as the Pharisees in the time of Jesus did.

Let us take in its turn the term "faith". Here there is a discrepancy nothing short of grotesque between the original use of the term and the meaning assigned it by the Church. Take, for instance, the wasting of the fig tree. There is no reference but to "belief" as an inner state, corresponding exactly to what we mean to-day by power of will, self-confidence, resolution, determination.

The Church has laid immense stress upon formality in every shape—formal public worship, formal prayers repeated at set times. Christ paid no attention to forms, as shown in the condemnation of the Pharisees and Scribes, the sticklers for form, etiquette, and ceremonial. In John vi. we read: "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak to you they are spirit and they are life".

In teaching, Christ appealed to the understanding of the hearers, and taught with power and authority, not "as the Scribes". Now, what were the Scribes and Pharisees whom Christ condemned? They are exactly what are called to-day clergymen, doctors, lawyers, university professors—the classes who expound to the masses the current opinions and traditions of the day. Life is incessantly moving onwards, and Spirit must destroy old forms and create new ones. This is the meaning of the saying to the woman of Samaria: The time will come when men shall worship not in this or that building or formal code of rules, but in spirit and in truth; that is to say, in character and in intelligence, in will for good and in knowledge.

As a last point, the Church has absolutely failed to grasp the meaning of the records that Christ preached the Kingdom Within and also healed the sick. I hope I have given enough details to "Chaplain, R.N.", to show that the Church has not by any means said the last word on the original doctrine of Christianity. The first step forward consists in substituting worship of spirit for worship of form, and service of the heart for service of the lip.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR LOVELL.

RETREATS AND QUIET DAYS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

July 1916.

SIR,—At the present time retreats and quiet days, both for the clergy and laity, are much in vogue. Some of our Bishops are urging parochial priests to withdraw themselves from their parishes for the greater part of a week, and to spend the time in devotional exercises.

Now apart from any question as to the spiritual value of retreats, would it not be well for the Bishops to consider carefully whether they are acting with wisdom and prudence?

Here is our Empire fighting for its very existence. Humanly speaking, everything depends upon the issues of the struggle. Defeat would mean ruin, desolation, dishonour, and the loss for generations to come of our civil and religious liberties.

Our rulers recognise this fact, and they have called every man of military age to do something for the defence of his country. So critical is the condition of affairs that all the workers in our munition factories were recently asked to forego their much-needed holidays. They were told that they owed it as a duty to their brothers on sea and land not to curtail the output. They for the most part gladly responded to this appeal, and we are indebted to them for their loyalty and real self-sacrifice.

Now the question is, what will these loyal and much overworked people think of those able-bodied men and women of the leisured classes who for their own spiritual

advantage set themselves out to enjoy—what is evidently to them—the luxury of quiet and prolonged devotion? If those who go into retreat represent the Church to the world, then I ask what is going to be the likely effect upon those who are straining all their powers to help their country in the hour of her greatest need?

If in the approaching National Mission a special appeal is to be made to every section of the community, will this appeal be strengthened by the spectacle of a well-attended retreat? Will it give any occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully and create a suspicion that the clergy and their enthusiastic followers lack imaginative powers, and are not yet awake to the reality of the dangers which surround us?

I do not for one moment doubt the efficacy of prayer, but must honestly confess that I do most seriously question the expediency of holding "retreats" at the present critical period, either for the parochial clergy, who ought to be ministers of consolation to the anxious and bereaved, or for those of the laity, who ought to set an example of industry in the work of the State.

In my humble opinion the best way for the Church to win the respect and allegiance of the industrial classes is to show them that her members are governed by the supreme principle of self-sacrifice, and that they have not a little sanctified common sense as well.

If "laborare est orare", then all the members of the Church may serve God in fulfilling their duties to the State, and thus second their prayers with their best endeavours.

Yours faithfully,
L.

LITERATURE AND THE WORLD-WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—We have had various appeals both from Government Departments and from patriotic associations during the last two years with the view to economising, in face of the tremendous stress and immanent (as well as imminent) peril from powerful and utterly unscrupulous enemies confederated for the destruction of the British Empire.

One of the latest—coming from a few prominent individuals—has been the dietetic one, which urged the universal observance of a "meatless" day (by the way, *fleshless* would have been the correct term linguistically, seeing that the English word "meat" includes all kinds of food) once in the week. It seems that the suggestion (well meant, doubtless, but too restricted) met with little, if any, response from the quarters for which it was apparently intended. Possibly for the reason that "precept is better than practice", and that some sufficiently eminent personage was wanted to set the stone rolling. However, no possibility of doubt can exist that such a self-denying ordinance (of limited reach though it be) would be the means of saving national resources to an extent that antecedently might be deemed almost fabulous. Obviously, a fortiori, three days (say) in the week of shunning the butchers would help yet more effectively to replenish the depleted coffers of the national exchequer. Similarly, in the department of what comprehensively may be denominated millinery, many eloquent exhortations have been addressed through the Press by the wiser members of their sex to the votaresses of fashion to practise somewhat of abstinence, at this critical juncture, from the "poms and vanity", etc. But probably the daily temptations laid so lavishly and so enticingly for the fair devotees in the daily newspapers by the subtle hand of the Worths (masculine and feminine) have proved too irresistible. At all events, the modistes and universal providers of the feminine fashions, it is evident, have not to complain of any falling-off in the number of their clients. It is much to be wished that at least the despots of the toilet derived a little of their inspiration from Erato, or one or other of her sister-graces, if, indeed, such an audacious wish may be permitted to an imperfect critic. At all events, a *quousque tandem* cannot be altogether repressed.

So much as to the more obvious departments of luxurious expenditure. There is one which, so far as the present writer has observed, has escaped the attention of the

economic critics, and yet it is far from being the least significant of the fashionable or popular luxuries—to wit, the trade in literature of all sorts. Apparently, the book-shops and the railway stalls are as overflowing and overladen as ever, and, superfluous to add, display for the enticement of the omnivorous, or indiscriminating, reader every species of the charta peritura, decked out in design and colours as unæsthetic in their way as the wares of the modistes themselves. "Of the making of many books there is no end" was the well-justified lament (even in the second century B.C.) of the Solomonic pessimist. Doubtless he was an habitué of the huge library of the Ptolemies in Alexandria, and had in those endless galleries learned to estimate the value of the vast majority of its literary contents. What, we may speculate, would be the despair of the old Jewish sage were he enabled to revisit the terrestrial scene, and to survey the shelves of such modern representatives of the Ptolemaic collection as the British Museum or the Paris Bibliothèque, or even the University libraries of Oxford or Cambridge, for example? The pious, or impious, editor of the famed Encyclopédie (Diderot)—he flourished some 150 years ago—wished that half (or was it two-thirds?) of the then existing collections might be ruthlessly committed to the flames. But "a book's a book", and any attempt to fulfil so ardent a vow by the *heluo librorum* would, doubtless, be regarded as an impiety of the very worst sort. None the less, it is patent that the enormous accumulation of books—of which the larger proportion are entirely superfluous and repetitive, while a yet larger number have been positively mischievous and even fatal to true knowledge—has been the most certain impediment to the slow progress of the human mind.

If, then, an interval of almost complete suspension of activity of the printing presses and of enterprise on the part of the modern Sosii (save the undoubtedly indispensable literature) during the remainder of this world war could be enforced somehow, the benefits as well to the National Exchequer (indirectly) as to the mental digestion of the reading public generally would, it is safe to prophesy, be not inconsiderable. The advantages of such suspension are obvious. It would give some little time for reflection and digestion of mental pabulum already so amply provided—for one thing, for re-reading of the relatively few significant and solid productions of literature. It would, for another thing, set free a large number of able-bodied recruits for our constantly depleted armies. It would relieve—in itself no small boon—the threatening congestion of our hugely over-supplied public and private libraries. In fine, it would tend to enforce the wise admonition of the younger Pliny (Epist.) to read much, rather than a multitude of things (*multæ*).

H. W.

KINGS OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Edinburgh, 15 July 1916.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "C. F. de G. G.", would have your readers infer that "sudden and painful ends", not to speak of various vicissitudes, were the prerogatives of Irish monarchs. I have not the invaluable "Whitaker" by me, but I turned up a little book published by the respectable firm of "Longman of the lengthy Co." in the year 1838. This useful little volume must have enjoyed considerable reputation in its day, as I notice this is its fifteenth edition.

It gives a list of thirty-six rulers of England. The historian gives the cause of death of these monarchs in all but five cases; curiously enough, one of these cases is Henry VIII.! This leaves thirty-one rulers the causes of whose deaths are fairly well established.

It must be remembered that the list begins about the era when Irish monarchs had almost ceased to exist, which makes it all the more significant. The inference drawn by "C. F. de G. G." that the throne of England was in comparison with the throne of Ireland a bed of roses, or that English monarchs were altogether immune from "sudden and painful ends", is not borne out by my historian. I will not print his list of English kings from William the

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Conqueror to the death of William IV. in its entirety, but merely print the names necessary to my argument:

William I.—died from fall from his horse.
 William II.—slain by an arrow in the New Forest (intentionally, it is believed).
 Richard Cœur de Lion—killed at the siege of Chaluz.
 Edward II.—foully murdered in Berkeley Castle. (The details are unprintable.)
 Richard II.—starved to death in Pomfret Castle.
 Henry VI.—murdered in the Tower.
 Edward V.—murdered in the Tower. (Also his brother.)

Richard III.—killed at Bosworth Field.
 Jane Grey and her husband—executed in the Tower.
 James I.—probably poisoned.
 Charles I.—executed at Whitehall.
 Oliver Cromwell—probably poisoned.
 Richard Cromwell—deposed.
 Charles II.—probably poisoned.
 James II.—deposed.
 William III.—died from fall from his horse.

"C. F. de G. G.'s" list of Irish kings does not chronicle the death of an Irish queen, yet we know that the pages of English history are stained with the blood of two Royal ladies, Lady Jane Grey and Mary Queen of Scots, the latter a presumptive Queen of England.

If "C. F. de G. G." wants further proof of the non-immunity of Royal personages in another kingdom, let him study the history of the house of Stuart, certainly the most unfortunate Royal family in history:

James I.—murdered 1437.
 James II.—killed in battle 1460.
 James III.—killed in a rebellion 1488.
 James IV.—killed fighting against the English.
 James V.—died of a broken heart.
 Mary Queen of Scots—executed.
 (Some of these monarchs figure twice in my argument.)

Are we to conclude, after perusal of the above extracts, that the English and Scotch people are unworthy or incapable of self-government? I do not think it would convince any intelligent person. I doubt if a more fatuous argument could be adduced. Most people would be inclined to say, with Voltaire, "That history is but a picture of crime and misfortune", and leave it there.

In retailing his deaths, etc., of Irish kings, he does it, he says, with the idea of introducing a little "humour into an otherwise serious subject". I wonder where "C. F. de G. G." got his idea of humour from! It savours to me much more of "Middle Europe" than "Merrie England". Is the murder of an Irish monarch an amusing subject? I need not labour on this topic. I looked up Sydney Smith for a definition of humour, and I found this: "Who could laugh at the fractured, ruined body of a soldier? Who so wicked as to amuse himself with the infirmities of extreme old age, or to find subject for humour in the weakness of a perishing, dissolving body?" "C. F. de G. G." apparently!

I am, yours, etc.,

J. H. MURRAY.

"NEOLOGISMS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
 B.E.F., France,

9 July 1916.

SIR,—I have just read Mr. E. A. Phipson's letter entitled "Neologisms", in the SATURDAY REVIEW for 1 July 1916, and, to make use of a word which he uses, I think that the whole of his letter may be described as "puerile".

It is incredible that any man can seriously object to the universally used term, "inverted commas". The expression, "quotation marks", which Mr. Phipson advocates, is in many cases utterly inapplicable, as, for instance, in the two cases above.

And what is the authority for saying that the Anglicised form of Ypres is Yper? I may say that Yper is almost the only possible name by which I have not yet heard the town called!

It is clearly nonsense to say that there is no such word as "Scheldt" in any language. It is the English for the Flemish word "Schelde". Mr. Phipson might equally well say that there is no such word as "Londres" in any language, since the English name is London! Surely it is Mr. Phipson himself who is the pedant, and not the man who employs the word "Scheldt".

Yours faithfully,

B. GLOSSOP.

"SOME."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Grange, near Rotherham,

2 July 1916.

SIR,—It seems that the slang use of the word *some* in the sense of something out of the ordinary is, after all, classical. For in "King Henry VI.", Act I., Scene III., I read:

FIRST PETITIONER: Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all from me.

SUFFOLK: Thy wife, too? That is some wrong indeed.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GILBERT E. MOULD.

"I DON'T THINK!"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 June 1916.

SIR,—The above slang expression, now so much in vogue—meaning "I am perfectly sure"—would appear to have been originated by Dickens, as in chapter liii. of "Bleak House" (written in 1853) Grandfather Smallweed says ironically: "There's no lady in this house that signs Honoria, is there? O no, I don't think so!"

I should also imagine that Miss Wisk (chapter xxx.), who said, with great indignation, "that the idea of woman's mission lying chiefly in the narrow sphere of home was an outrageous slander on the part of her tyrant, Man", is probably the first Suffragette to be mentioned in literature, and that the expressions "High Church" and "Low Church", which occur at the beginning of chapter xlv. of the same work, also date from about then.

Yours obediently,

W.

"INCERTÆ MURMURA FAMÆ."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea, 12 May 1916.

SIR,—In the urgencies of war it is the part of a prudent Government to withhold such news as may be deemed desirable, requisite to avert the fatal consequences of a panic; but what excuse can be pleaded for a nation which not only gives the "lie direct" to ascertained facts, or for the attempt to detract from the praise due to the laurel wreath of a departed hero, won by well-earned honour and a spotless memory? Such thought as this is suggested in the recent acknowledgments of His Majesty King George upon receiving the congratulations consequent upon the success of England's recent naval battle. The incident recalls to mind the witty epigram written by Earl Nugent on "detraction":—

"Lie on—while my *revenge* shall be,
 To speak the very *truth* of thee!"

or, as elegantly rendered in "Anthologia Oxoniensis":—

"Impune tot nobis ut ingeres
 Tam falsa tu convicia!
 Flectere, pœnam dans gravissimam:
 De te quod est verum audies".

Yours, etc.,

OSBORNE ALDIS.

CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

19 July 1916.

SIR,—However opinion may be divided on the question of holidays in war time, there is one section of the community to whom few of us would begrudge a happy fortnight in the country—the children of our big towns. Especially would I plead for the elementary school children of London, for many of whom the Children's Country Holidays Fund provides the only means of escape from their everyday surroundings during the hot summer months. Workers amongst these children state that the war-heated atmosphere in which they live is telling its tale in overwrought nerves, strain, and restlessness, and local committees which began their work on a small scale now find their lists of ailing children much longer than they had anticipated. As a result of the high cost of living, in many places the Fund has been obliged again to raise the weekly payment for board, and money is needed to meet the extra expense. Cheques made payable to the Fund should be sent to 18, Buckingham Street, Strand.

Yours faithfully,

A. F. LONDON.

SONG BIRDS AS FOOD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

July 1916.

SIR,—After all that has been said and written about the destruction of wild birds for food one might have hoped that there would be some marked diminution in the trade. On the contrary, however, we read that not only are large numbers of larks and lapwings still killed and sold for this purpose, but that such charming birds as the song and mistle thrush, the redwing and blackbird, are now being utilised in the same way. Song birds have long been used for food on the Continent, but with us humane feeling should be sufficiently strong to prevent the barbarous practice from taking root in this country. There is not even the sordid excuse of "food in war time", because the people who buy the birds can by no stretch of fancy be termed poor; they are of the well-fed classes, who desire some novel tit-bit to titillate into existence an imaginary appetite. Lady Mayo does well to call for protest against this "hideous innovation".

Yours faithfully,

BIRD LOVER.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

6 July.

SIR,—I desire to correct a sentence in my letter of last week as it appeared in your columns. It read: "Yet Malplaquet . . . is acknowledged by military writers as one of Marlborough's greatest victories, because the British *cannonade* succeeded in cutting the French centre in two". The word I wrote, perhaps indistinctly, was "commander", not "cannonade". It is true there was cannonading at the point in question, as the following passage in Coxe's "Memoirs" demonstrates:—"As soon as the Allies were masters of the redans, the guns of the central battery which had been directed upon them moved rapidly to the right and left, and opened a tremendous cannonade across their rear upon the lines of hostile cavalry drawn up along the plain. The heavy battery of the British centre had likewise been brought forward, and turned against the troops". But the French line was broken in front, and the redans taken possession of first by the attack of the infantry under Lord Orkney, supported by the Allied cavalry in his rear.

Being distantly connected with the family of General Sir David Baird, who captured Cape Town from General Janssens in 1806, I hope you will kindly make the above correction.

I am, Sir, etc.,

N. W. H.

REVIEWS.

"EREWHON" BUTLER.

"Samuel Butler, Author of 'Erewhon': The Man and his Work." By John F. Harris. Grant Richards. 6s. net.

SAMUEL BUTLER, one of the most versatile writers and keenest critics of his day, died in 1902, appreciated by a small circle, and hardly known, perhaps, to the general reader at all. Since that time his reputation has grown far and wide; his books, even those considered too shocking or too restricted in interest to be published, have established themselves in numerous reprints; and the "Note-books" which he compiled and edited with such elaborate care have been made into a curiously candid and fascinating volume. The immortality which he desired and expected was of this sort. He did not look for any other. For him the after-life was to be "vivus per ora virum", and a striking sonnet in which he repudiates the Homeric heaven ends:—

"We shall not argue, saying 'Twas thus' or 'thus',
Our argument's whole drift we shall forget;
Who's right, who's wrong, 'twill all be one to us;
We shall not even know that we have met.

Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again,
Where dead men meet, on lips of living men".

Yet Butler was the last person who wished to be lionised or made a fuss of. He liked nice people better than critics, and in his lifetime he would have been more annoyed than flattered by the critical studies of his works that are coming out. The latest, by Mr. J. F. Harris, professes to deal with "the man and his work", but in the former particular is certainly deficient. Mr. Harris is, we should judge, quite young, and may not have reached years of discretion while Butler was alive; but even so he might have secured some picture of the man from those who know. It would have been much more effective than the attack on the Victorians with which he begins, and which we must certainly describe, in his own words, as "vague and inadequate", where it is not merely silly.

Butler, in truth, was an original and most interesting person when he could be lured out of his retirement in Clifford's Inn. He cared nothing for the eminent, and had a disconcerting way of requiring them to prove that they were not humbugs. He suspected the successful, and prided himself, perhaps, a little on not doing the ordinary thing. The arrangement of his simple life was as precise as his handwriting; he got the maximum of fun out of a minimum of excitement; he relished the stupidity of the Philistine, and, at odds with the humbug of the world, he had quaint, ironic ways of expressing his dissatisfaction. Some years since a common interest in Darwinian theories introduced him to an editor of our acquaintance, a man, perhaps, half his age. Butler called at the office, conversed for a while, asked for advice which he did not need, and then backed away to the door, keeping his face to the editor, as if he were honouring a royal person. The editor let him get to the door, then walked quickly to it and opened it, with the words, "Mr. Butler, our stairs are very slippery, and you are still in the Presence". With a delightful gleam on his face which said everything, Butler went down those stairs the easier way. Apart from such affectations and odd points of view which occasionally would surprise the most pliant of minds, Butler was an excellent person to be with, if he liked you. His likes and dislikes were strong; still, he was, unlike most literary men, but little concerned with the demerits of hostile reviewers. He published his books, lost money by them, saw them misconstrued, and made no retort. He knew well enough that there was good stuff in them; but he hated imposing himself on others as much as he hated being imposed on. The only effect on him of his failure was shown, perhaps, in a tendency *épater le savant*, which is a more subtle business than surprising the bourgeois. Admirably

kind and sympathetic when you knew him, he did not reveal himself to the undiscerning, and, the sworn foe of all priggishness and over-seriousness, he liked his little fads to be taken seriously. He was much taken with the saying that it is part of the higher life to give oneself away, and a free exhibition of humanity pleased him better than the society of bishops. But he could not fail to appreciate Creighton. Keen interest in his "Alps and Sanctuaries" led to an invitation to Peterborough. He was in doubt about going, and consulted his clerk, who, looking at the letter of invitation, discovered a crumb of tobacco, and delivered the verdict, "I think you may go".

When he gave one of his rarer scientific books to a young student, he added in a letter that the book was likely to be one day scarce; "so I have thought it better to point out that you had better stick to it". There peeped out the satirist, but never was a writer in that vein so deliberate and so skilfully restrained in his effects as Butler. He knew always what he was doing and how to do it. Indeed, there is nothing more striking in his life than the careful way in which he gathered and used his materials. His strongest passages were those he considered most, and the "Note-books" show the attention he paid even to trivialities.

This volume of "Note-books", published ten years after his death, reveals him fully on his many sides, and all his writing is so clear in style that there should be no mistake about his meaning. It is no "fantastical banquet" of words claiming from readers the tribute of much study. This being so, the need for such a book as Mr. Harris's does not seem imperative, though it is useful as gathering the essential points in Butler's books and philosophy, and may supply ready-made the views of an essayist when literary societies take up the author of "Erewhon". Butler, in fact, is no longer the possession of a clique, and, a pioneer of revolt in his day, may cease to be shocking to the majority in the near future. He is certainly much better equipped and disciplined than most of our latter-day prophets.

The conclusions of Mr. Harris, as a rule, are sound enough, but we do not care so much for his illustrations or dissertations on irony and satire. Is it necessary to explain what irony is with the help of Mr. Belloc? And is Juvenal, the slave of his own rhetoric, a happy instance of genuine satire? Butler's sojourn in New Zealand as a sheep-farmer may have helped him to get away from convention, but, before he went there, he had established his departure from normal religious beliefs and had decided to be a rebel. Faith took an unlovely form in the followers of Simeon at Cambridge, which in itself was enough to create a strong prejudice against popular professions of religion. "Clear your mind of cant", said another great Samuel. Butler was doing this, we cannot doubt, from very early days. The strength of his feeling about it is shown in his novel, "The Way of All Flesh", which almost loses its effect in its bitterness. Yet it is a well-balanced and remarkable achievement, which our latest revaluers of values do not seem likely to repeat. We do not think it at all curious that Swift's personality did not greatly appeal to Butler. For we see in that brilliant mind long before madness came the taint of disease, a feeling for the nasty which concerns the pathologist more than the literary critic.

"Recognition", says Mr. Harris, in discussing "Life and Habit", "mattered very little to Butler"; he had no axes to grind, no party to follow. But the really important point was that he had enough to live upon. He never descended to Grub Street, or its modern equivalent; and his books clearly recognise the importance of money. He was no fantastic Utopian, still less a sentimentalist. All this is clear from "Erewhon", and Mr. Harris is at his best in pointing it out. But he does scant justice to the edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets, which supplies useful material for the reduction of theorists, and he has

hardly, we should say, read Butler's Life of his grandfather with attention. The heavy matter in that book only shows up the brighter the delightful letters of Mr. Tillbrook, a perfect specimen of the festive and humorous don, a master of quaint and elegant scholarship. The grandfather and the grandson, with all their differences, both thought very highly of him.

Mr. Harris sums up Butler as "the last of the adventurous English amateurs, interested in so many things that even at the end of his life he hardly knew what his vocation was, though he would have called it the making of books".

This is exaggeration, and contradicted by what is noted previously, that Butler, near his end, spoke of "the pretty roundness" of his career. His painting and music were diversions which belong to many a cultivated man; his main business was to expose humbug and cant as he saw it in many departments of knowledge. We cannot contemplate a world ruled by unreadable specialists, and it is, in fact, the happy distinction of this country that it has always had its masterly amateurs. Two of the best histories of Greece were written, the one by a banker, the other by a Scottish landowner. Long may it be so!

Apart from any ulterior purpose, Butler is full of humour, was always seeing and preserving delightful things: the little Italian boy who was very fond of English poetry, and could repeat "The little buzzy bee", and the other child who said that Butler's cat had got pins in its toes. There is, too, "The Psalm of Montreal", which exhibits a curator of the Discobolus packing it away in a corner as indecent, and proclaiming in a triumphant refrain:

"My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon". This poem actually appeared in the "Spectator". Mr. Harris expresses his surprise, but it is on record that the gulf between Butler and our contemporary was bridged by Matthew Arnold.

THE UTILITY OF THE USELESS.

"Discovery." By R. A. Gregory. Macmillan. 5s. net.

SUB-TITLES are rather rare in modern books, but Professor Gregory has devised one for his book, which runs, "Or the Spirit and Service of Science", and it is aptly expressive. The spirit in which men of science devote themselves to the investigation and understanding of Nature, the results of their discoveries in the increase of man's power—these are the themes of the book. It is a topic for the times. The men of science have been treated in more countries than ours very shabbily, as Professor Gregory shows. Taking us through all our classes as a nation, educated or uneducated, we have been ignorant of the value of pure science to our most important interests. Most practical men are well enough aware of the value of technology in manufacturing processes, but they are frequently oblivious of the connection between research conducted often over years without any practical object, certainly not of business and money-making, and the practical results which are owing to them. With all due admiration for such remarkable men as Edison and Marconi, we may say that they have been overestimated, and Faraday and Herz underestimated. Possibly Professor Gregory rather over-states the case in his demonstration that taking the whole field of the application of science to the increase of our power and well-being the object of research has been far from the practical object itself. It seems true in most instances of chemical processes, and inventions in the arts and manufactures, but hardly so in medicine, and surgery, and agriculture. Yet even here the preliminary researches were often apparently remote and indirect, and the practical man was unsympathetic and impatient. Pasteur saved the silk industry of France amidst the jeers of the silk-worm rearers; and entomological researches into insect pests and mosquitoes and tsetse flies seemed to the plain

man a roundabout way of making the tropics habitable for Europeans, and the Panama Canal a possible project.

On Professor Gregory's authority, the history of scientific discovery shows that our men of science have been, and are, the equals, at least, of those of any other country. But a good case can also be made out for saying that, as a people, we are slower than the average to appreciate the value of purely scientific researches and discoveries, and their importance to the practical side of life.

We are probably in a fair way at present to readjust our views. Our recent experience has been a dear school in which we have learned some wisdom, we may hope. But it is not enough to be "practical", and to be readier to adopt new processes and methods. There must be a new attitude towards intellectual conceptions and theoretical research. It is the object of Professor Gregory's book to enable us to conclude this from the fascinating history of scientific discovery. The essential spirit and the leading motive of the true scientific man has been, and is, the investigation and discovery of natural law for its own sake, apart from utilitarian purposes. This is also the prime element in mental and moral culture, whether education be literary or scientific. It is part of Professor Gregory's plea for the more generous treatment of science that it is in itself a most valuable instrument of culture; and he, as other distinguished scientists have done, claims a wider recognition of it from this point of view. For sheer intellect, for disinterestedness and nobility of thought, for lofty conceptions of life and duty, and for worthiness of aim and intellectual and spiritual humility, the true products of culture, we may learn from Professor Gregory's biographical sketches of men of science how they count amongst the greatest of the human race at its highest. As to the bearing of this on the contest between the advocates of literary and classical education in our schools and universities, we need not say more than that it is highly desirable to have distinctly in our minds what Professor Gregory insists on, the value of pure science as a mode of culture which cannot be neglected without lowering the general intellectual level.

While this view of science is one of the two strands which run through Professor Gregory's book, the other is the close connection which the history of discovery demonstrates between research pursued without reference to practical application and the practical arts and inventions. The importance of this, at this critical stage of our industrial history, makes this review of scientific discovery very opportune, though in one form or another Professor Gregory has often brought the subject before the public during the past quarter of a century. We are not quite sure whether he does full justice to what has been done since the days when he and other men of science began to press upon the State the duty and interest of encouraging scientific research. It can hardly be said that either the State or the Universities are as indifferent to pure scientific research as they were when Professor Gregory first began to write on the subject. The intervening period is marked by the institution of our modern universities, where, if technical science has been the main object, they have yet kept in view scientific investigation in the purely scientific spirit. During recent years it is not quite so true to say that the attitude of the State towards scientific research has been as marked by that of *laissez-faire* as it was when the contemporaries of Faraday and Tyndall and Huxley protested against it. Moreover the State is on the point of organising a good deal which it previously neglected on a theory which is no longer accepted dogmatically. Yet there is some danger that the organisation of trade, and industry, and science, may be effected on too narrow a basis of immediate utilitarianism. Let us take heed that in our desire to be practical we do not treat pure science as some other forms of education have been treated—as being of no use. We must extend the province of learning, not restrict it in any direction.

With this precaution we may then say of science generally what Sir William Crookes said of chemistry: "We have any number of practical men, but brain-craft is the master of hand-craft." England needs brain-craft. We want men who cultivate chemistry for its own sake, without a substratum of utilitarianism. Men whose discoveries, like that of phosphorus by Brandt, of the electric oxidation of nitrogen by Priestley, of potassium and sodium by Davy, of aniline by Unverdorben, of benzene by Faraday, and of chloroform by Soubeiran, seemed at the time never likely to be of the slightest use to anybody". There is enough in this short enumeration to prove a case which Professor Gregory enlarges into almost numberless instances.

SERMONS IN STONES.

"Apotheosis and After Life: Three Lectures on certain phases of Art and Religion in the Roman Empire." By Mrs. Arthur Strong. Constable. 8s. 6d. net.

[REVIEWED BY LUCIAN THE LESS.]

IF there is one study calculated more than others to induce intellectual humility, we should suppose it to be the comparative study of ancient religions. The surface of the sea is bright and clearly defined in sunshine, but the diver knows that the deeper he descends the more dim and mysterious grow the depths. A city of minarets and palms is plainly visible to the traveller "among Arabian sands", but as he approaches it melts into thin air. So with the contrasted and interwoven creeds of antiquity. A first glance, a rapid intuition, may assure the sanguine investigator that he has the key to them all; but the key, on being tested, does not fit the lock. Arguments in support of a theory are seen, on inspection, to be capable of being used for its overthrow. The temptation to generalise is almost irresistible; yet the result is all too soon upset by a fresh group, or groups, of instances. Those who doubt this should look into such a treatise as Dr. Westermarck's "Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas", from which they will rise with a shrug of the shoulders, muttering, perhaps, the title of the last chapter of "Rasselas"—"The conclusion, in which nothing is concluded".

But that shrug is elderly: youth will be served, and no explorer worth his salt will be daunted by the fare of "the lost adventurers, his peers". The subjects of Mrs. Strong's lectures do not yet admit, perhaps never will admit, of mathematical certainty. That, of course, is a part of their fascination. They are the battle-ground of rival theories, and the verdict is not yet. But Mrs. Strong's interpretations are bound to interest even those who differ from them. Any criticisms that are here hazarded are offered on the understanding that she has a perfect right, on land so debatable, to form her own conclusions.

Her object in these lectures is to show, from the designs sculptured on ancient monuments, gems, sepulchral pillars, and the like, that the Romans of the Empire, together with the races which had passed under the Imperial sway, were increasingly possessed of the belief in the survival of the soul after death. The cults of Orpheus and of Attis, and more particularly of the Persian Mithras, which pervaded all ranks of society, unquestionably fostered this belief, and thereby tended to satisfy an ancient and imperative need of the human heart. That need was felt, Mrs. Strong submits, less keenly among the Greeks than among any other people of like development, owing to their unclouded satisfaction in the things of sense. She has omitted to remark, however, the other-world bearing of the Eleusinian mysteries and Socrates's teaching on the subject of immortality. Yet it may be conceded that the spiritually minded were a minority in Hellas. The world was younger then; but when, after Rome had passed through a century of internecine strife, into whose vortex surrounding nations were inevitably

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drawn, the Pax Romana dawned, men had drunk too deep of the horrors of life—as we are doing now—to dream that peace on earth could be perdurable. They sought, with the help of one Oriental cult or another, to assure themselves of permanent peace and happiness elsewhere. To this was united, as Mrs. Strong points out, a tendency to monotheism to which the Greeks were ordinarily strangers. Such habits of mind were favourable to the reception of Christianity. With Mrs. Strong's thesis we are in entire agreement; but it may be suggested that in her anxiety to maintain it she occasionally strains probability. Thus she argues that the deification of Emperors was no mere stroke of policy, designed to impress the vulgar, but responded to a real craving on the part of multitudes (such as those who acclaimed Herod the Great on a famous occasion) for visible deity enthroned on earth. Certainly the Romans began apotheosis early, for they deified Romulus; but no one after that, it has hitherto been considered, was so honoured until Julius Cæsar. Mrs. Strong, however, holds that the "Triumphator", who was invested with the attributes of Jupiter, who traversed the city in the four-horsed chariot of the Sun, was not, in the eyes of the Romans, the representative of Jupiter, but was Jupiter himself! But did the soldiers of Julius hold that view who sang ribald songs of his amours about his car; did the citizens believe it when they saw him crawling up the steps of the Capitol on hands and knees to avert the Nemesis of Heaven? Jupiter, best and greatest, so demeaning himself! The thing, surely, is incredible! Or what did they think of imperial greatness in a later day when in one ensanguined year no less than three emperors perished by the sword? The subjects of the Empire were presently, indeed, to acknowledge Julius and his successors as divine; and court poets were ready to assure them of godhead in their lifetime. But Byron's "Vision of Judgment" has its precursor in Seneca's "Pumpkinification" of Claudius—of Claudius, condemned for ever and ever to play with a bottomless dicebox; and we may think, if we like, that the astuter Romans and provincials acknowledged Cæsar's deity with tongue in cheek.

We are not sure, again, that in the sepulchral art of the times Mrs. Strong does not allow herself too wide a latitude of interpretation. In the inscription, for instance, to a wife dying in the flower of her age, we should like to believe that "she met life's end in the hope of better things" is a correct rendering of the Latin; but the words seems rather to signify, "she met life's end though she hoped for something better"—namely, for a prolongation of her days on earth. Again, it is rather startling to be told that incidents such as the rape of Ganymede or Hylas "forecast a wedded union with the Divine Love"; and that skiffs carved upon the tombs of boatmen "may well carry with them an allusion to the ship in which, sooner or later, all must sail to the far-away shore". Tempting as this theory is, the design was more probably intended to commemorate the dead man's occupation in his lifetime. The headstone of John Peel at Caldbeck is engraved with emblems of the chase; yet we do not translate the recumbent hound into any "hound of Heaven", nor do we conceive the huntsman's horn to be symbolical of the last trump. However, after Mrs. Strong's luxuriance has been pruned, there remains, we thankfully acknowledge, a wealth of evidence in support of the ancients' hope of immortality.

If we have considered this book more from the scholar's than from the antiquary's standpoint, it is because we believe that archæology cannot stand firm without the aid of scholarship. But we must add that it has special claims upon the archæologist's attention.

What is known in sculpture as "frontality", regarded from the viewpoint both of art and of apotheosis, meets here with a full and admirable exposition; Roman art, formerly overmuch depreciated by comparison with that of Hellas, gets the recognition it deserves; and the ancient monuments are described and interpreted by one who not only knows them thoroughly but also loves them well.

INDIAN EMPERORS AND EDUCATORS.

"Promotion of Learning in India during Muhammadan Rule (by Muhammadans)." By Narendra Nath Law. With a Foreword by H. Beveridge. Longmans. 14s. net.

MR. LAW, in this well-printed and elaborately indexed volume, has hit on a good subject and has gathered into a systematic treatise the results of inquiry in many sources, published and unpublished. There is some doubt about the trustworthiness of the details on which he necessarily relies, but the principles which he states in his preface show that he has a sound idea of the comparative value of evidence. The uncertainty which may arise is well illustrated by Mr. Beveridge, who shows in his "Foreword" that a difference of two dots may entirely change the sense of a word.

Mr. Law begins with Sultan Mahmud, some forty years before our Norman Conquest, and ends in the eighteenth century. One would imagine that for most of that period conquering emperors and soldiers were too busy consolidating their conquests to pay any attention to learning. How full such a life could be is shown in Baber's own fascinating "Memoirs". He died at fifty, but he was scholar, poet and musician, as well as the winner of the decisive battle of Panipat; and at an early age he had secured an education unusual among princes. A portrait of him which lies before us, and is reproduced from an old MS. of his Memoirs, shows not only the horsehair pennon of Mughal empire on his head, but also a book in his hand—a rare addition in royal iconography. Less than thirty years after his death came Akbar, whose wisdom and liberal mind have been celebrated by Tennyson.

Sultan Mahmud has left a name for cruelty and rapacity, and found it wise to repudiate the promise with which he began of a gold coin for every line that Firdausi wrote. Still, the mere mention of such an arrangement is enough to make a poor poet stare and gasp in these days; and the poem of some 120,000 lines which was the result shows how favours can spoil poets. Mahmud was certainly, as Mr. Law shows, a beneficent patron of belles-lettres at Ghazni. There he established a university famous for learning, the most profound scholar in which acted as a censor of letters and was accepted as a master by four hundred poets and learned men. It is even reported that a complimentary poem addressed to Mahmud secured not only peace for the chief of Gwalior when it was invested, but also the government of fifteen forts. Among the Sultans who succeeded Mahmud were a son, who erected schools and colleges with handsome endowments; his successor, who transcribed with his own hand two copies of the Koran and sent them to Mecca and Medina; and Bairam, who was a liberal patron of learned men. The House of Ghur, which followed Mahmud's dynasty, saw the entire devastation of Ghazni; and the Slave dynasty, which succeeded, promoted Muhammadan learning on the ruins of Hindu temples. Buddhist monks were slaughtered wholesale. Nasiruddin of this line lived as a student and hermit when he was a king, and seems to have gone

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further than Marcus Aurelius in his scholastic frugality, for he purchased his food by means of his elegant penmanship. Balban, his successor at Delhi, entertained no fewer than fifteen princes whose lands were too hot to hold them, and told his eldest son, a promising scholar, to spare no pains to discover and cherish men of genius. Efforts were twice made to lure the famous Sadi to Delhi, but he was too old to come. The literary societies of Delhi did not last long. Balban was succeeded by a profligate, who went in for wine and women. During the next dynasty Delhi returned to literature; but a later monarch, Muhammad Tughlaq, an accomplished writer and student of Greek philosophy, actually had the city destroyed and set up a new capital. Under his successor, Firuz, it managed to rise again, though he, too, favoured a new capital. Firuz is notable as the preserver of Hindu monuments, and he had two Asoka columns carefully transferred to Firuzabad and there re-erected. His enlightened government was worthy of Akbar, and his works of public utility were very numerous. Firuzabad and Delhi suffered heavily soon afterwards from Timur, but even in him and his son Mr. Law discovers some taste for letters. If they were Tartars, they were not entire vandals. This account, which includes summaries of the minor Muslim kingdoms, shows clearly that the Pathan rulers of India did a great deal for education.

With the Mughal dynasty we reach Baber, a man of singular accomplishments; Humayun, his son, who was learned in astronomy and geography, and carried a library about with him on expeditions; Akbar the Great, and Jahangir, a connoisseur of books and pictures. Aurangzib, who was a thorn in the side of the English at Bombay, limited his energies to promoting his own faith, but he knew the value of education, which, in accordance with Mughal practice, he received at an early age. His strong taste for theology made him severely orthodox. Music was not moral enough for him, so he suppressed it. Manucci reports that about a hundred musicians paraded before him twenty biers with loud lamentations, hoping to attract his pity. Aurangzib, on inquiry, was told that they were going to bury Music, killed by his order, and calmly remarked that they should pray for her soul and see that she was well buried. Like the Puritans, he seems to have made piety pay, for he used to sell copies of the Koran "transcribed by himself for his own personal expenses".

Well provided with notes, and—what is more agreeable—with excellent illustrations of buildings and pictures from manuscripts, Mr. Law's book has given us great pleasure. It is a solid contribution to history, which we have learnt to regard as something more than a succession of battles and sovereigns.

LATEST BOOKS.

"Studies of Contemporary Poets." By Mary C. Sturgeon. Harrap. 5s. net.

"We must be cracked up", remarked Hannibal Chollop concerning his compatriots. While our younger poets have not, so far as we are aware, echoed his sentiments, the author of this volume of appreciations might have been inspired by Mr. Chollop's views of criticism. The verbosity and affectation of her remarks are some way off the contact with life and naturalness which is one of the chief claims of her examples. Commonplaces elaborately tricked out as if they were new vie with superlatives, and we are perpetually confronted with astonishing combinations of qualities in this genius or that.

The representative poet of to-day, we learn, "has transcended at once the despair of the Victorians and their materialism. He has banished their lyric grief for a dead past, along with their scientific and religious dogmas".

How is it, then, that we find Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie dealing in one of his best poems with the Virgin Mary? Verbal and metrical felicity, even when there is only one rhyme in a stanza, and that of "Rose" with "loose", is freely discovered by this enthusiastic eulogist. Some of Mr. W. W. Gibson's verse "is probably unique in English poetry. It has been evolved out of the actual substance on which the poet is working; directly moulded by the nature of the life that he has chosen to present".

This is a feat, we suppose, that the poor Victorians never achieved though it looks to us as if they could not help it sometimes.

"Never surely were impressions so vivid conveyed with a touch at once so firm and tender; never were thought and feeling so intense rendered with such gracious homeliness."

Even a modern poet might blush on reading that concerning a pretty little piece of his. We venture to assert that the Victorians knew delight, even if they did not "run naked in an autumn night". They knew also the English language, of which some of their successors are less sure. It is sheer nonsense to suppose that they lived and wrote "in the twilight of unreality" and left to the twentieth century the feat of stepping "into clear day". And perhaps they were not the worse because no one credited them with "arrowy truth", "rich earthiness", or "an accession of urbanity from which characterisation gains a mellow note". We see little use in this pretentious preciosity.

We congratulate Mr. Lane and the Editors on the beautiful production of "Form," a Quarterly of the Arts, price 6s. net. To issue this work in a time of war was a great adventure, and its success has been in keeping with its bravery. We note with pleasure the use of script-hand in the eight poems by W. B. Yeats, and all the illustrations are admirably printed and alive with a varied interest. There is a characteristic woodcut by Frank Brangwyn, and there is a good lithograph by Charles Ricketts and the double-page drawing by Austin O. Spare is noteworthy, though its flesh modelling is troubled and the general character somewhat soft. Mr. Spare writes about Automatic Drawing, with his friend Mr. Frederick Carter, and Mr. Cunningham Graham is as good as ever in the paper entitled "Bopicia." Not all of the pen-drawings are worth reproducing; and the text-printing has so many different types that it fatigues the eye.

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